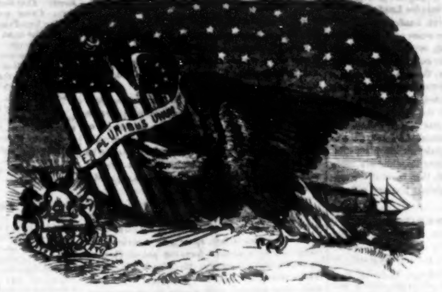
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.



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Original Poetry.

TO A FLOWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Une simple fleur est un temoignage de la Providence divine.—SAINT PIERRE.

Oh, tell me what mysterious power,
What hidden cause has made thee bloom,
With beauty deck'd thee, lovely flower,
Who gives thee rich perfume?

Who did thy slender form design,
And paint thee yellow, red and blue,
To warm thee cause the sun to shine,—
For drink, who gives thee dew?

It is not man; his puny skill
The works of art did ne'er surpass;
Inventive genius never will
Produce a blade of grass.

Man cannot make thy tints combine,
Thy petals grow, thy leaves expand,
Both are alike the work divine
Of an almighty hand.

When I perceive thy parent tree,
At Heav'n's command spring from the sod,
And daily grow, fair flower, I see
The proof there is a God.

Thy heav'nly charms, devoid of art,
Exert on man a mild control,
Engender virtue in his heart,
Devotion in his soul.

When Nature, daughter of the skies,
The mighty works of God displays,
Flock'd in her temple then arise
Celestial hymns of praise.

Oh, tell me what mysterious power,
What hidden virtue made thee bloom,
With beauty deck'd thee, lovely flower,
And bathed thee in perfume?

BUBULCUS.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY JOHN J. MORRIS.

Ever! oh, ever can I turn,
And view the God I love;
He bids my cold affections burn
And long to dwell above.

E'en in this shadowy spectre land,
This land of grief and tears,
I taste His grace, I feel His hand,
Dispelling all my fears.

Nothing, oh, nothing but His face,
Could so refresh my heart;
Nothing—ah, nothing but His grace,
Draw every lurking dart.

Once, when I wandered far and wide
He kindly bade me rest,
Close by His wounded, bleeding side,
Down on His scarred breast.

Then to a fountain, full and clear,
He sweetly bade me come;
And whispered kindly in my ear,
"Poor mortal—there is room."

Whither, dear Jesus, should I fly,
E'en on an angel's wing?
Let me but view Thy Heavenly eye,
And all Thy glory sing.

Original Tales.

THE RIVAL BONNETS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

A lady of some note in society, named Mrs. Claudine, received a very beautiful bonnet from New York, a little in advance of others, and being one of the rival leaders in the fashionable world, felt some self-complacency at the thought of appearing abroad in the elegant head-gear, and thereby getting the reputation of leading the fashion.

Notwithstanding Mrs. Claudine's efforts to keep the matter a secret, and thus be able to create a surprise when she appeared at church on the next Sunday, the fact that she had received the bonnet leaked out, and there was some excitement about it. Among those who heard of the new bonnet, was a Mrs. Ballman, who had written to a friend to get for her the very article obtained first by Mrs. Claudine. From some cause or other a delay had occurred, and to her chagrin she learned that a rival had got the new fashion, and would get the *eclat* that she so much coveted. The disappointment to one whose pleasures in life are so circumscribed as those of a real fashionable lady, was severe indeed. She did not sleep more than a few hours on the night after she had received the mortifying intelligence.

The year before, Mrs. Claudine had led the fashion in some article of dress, and to see her carry off the palm in bonnets on this occasion, when she had striven so hard to be in advance, was more than Mrs. Ballman could well endure. The result of a night's thinking on the subject was a determination to pursue a very extraordinary course, the nature of which will be seen. By telegraph she communicated with her friend in New York, desiring her to send on by the evening of the next day, which was Saturday, the bonnet she had ordered, if four prices had to be paid as an inducement to get the milliner to use extra exertions in getting it up. In due time, notice came back that the bonnet would be sent on by express on Saturday, much to the joy of Mrs. Ballman, who from the interest she felt in carrying out her intentions, had entirely recovered from the painful disappointment at first experienced.

Saturday brought the bonnet, and a beautiful one it was. A few natural sighs were expended over the elegant affair, and then other feelings came in to chase away her regrets at not having been first to secure the article.

On the day previous, Friday, Mrs. Ballman called upon a fashionable milliner, and held with her the following conversation.

"You have heard of Mrs. Claudine's new bonnet, I presume?"

"Yes, madam," replied the milliner.

"Do you think it will take?" asked Mrs. Ballman.

"I do."

"You have not the pattern?"

"Oh, yes. I received one a week ago."

"You did?"

"Yes. But some one must introduce it. As Mrs. Claudine is about doing this there is little doubt of its becoming the fashion, for the style is striking as well as tasteful."

Mrs. Ballman mused for some moments. Then she drew the milliner aside, and said, in a low, confidential tone,

"Do you think you could get up a bonnet as handsome as that, and in just as good taste?"

"I know I could. In my last received London and Paris fashions are several bonnets as handsome as the one that is about being adopted in New York and here also without doubt."

"I am not so sure of its being adopted here," said the lady.

"If Mrs. Claudine introduces it, as I understand she intends doing on Sunday, it will certainly be approved and the style followed."

"I very much doubt it. But we will see. Where are the bonnets you spoke of just now?"

The milliner brought forth a number of pattern cards and plates, and pointed out two bonnets, either of which, in her judgment, was more beautiful than the one Mrs. Claudine had received.

"Far handsomer," was the brief remark with which Mrs. Ballman approved the milliner's judgment. "And now," she added, "can you get me up one of these by Sunday?"

"I will try."

"Try won't do," said the lady, with some excitement in her manner. "I must have the bonnet. Can you make it?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Then make it. And let it be done in your very best manner. Why I wish to have this bonnet I need hardly explain to you. I believed that I would have received the bonnet, about to be adopted in New York, first. I had written to a friend to procure it; but, by some means Mrs. Claudine got in advance of me. Mine will be here to-morrow, but I don't mean to wear it. I wish to lead."

"If you were both to appear in this bonnet, the fashion would be decided," said the milliner.

"I know. But I have no wish to share the honor with Mrs. Claudine. Make me the bonnet I have selected, and I will see that it puts hers down."

"You will remember," said the milliner, "that hers has been already adopted in New York. This will be almost sure to give it the preference. It would be better that you did not attempt a rivalry, than that you should be beaten."

"But I don't mean to be beaten," replied the lady. "I have taken measures to prevent that. After Sunday, you will hear no more of the New York bonnet. Mine will go, and this, I need not tell you, will be a feather in your cap, and dollars in your pocket, as I will refer to you as the only one who can get it up. So do your best, and improve the pattern we have selected, if it will bear improvement."

The milliner promised to do her "prettiest," and Mrs. Ballman returned home in a state of considerable elation at the prospect of carrying off the palm, and humiliating her rival at the same time.

Mrs. Claudine, though a little vain, and fond of excelling, was a woman of kind feelings, and entirely superior to the petty jealousies that annoyed Mrs. Ballman, and soured her towards all who succeeded in rivalling her in matters of taste and fashion. Of what was passing in the mind of the lady who had been so troubled at her reception of a new style of bonnet from New York, she was entirely ignorant. She was not even aware that Mrs. Ballman had ordered the same article, nor that she had suffered a disappointment.

Saturday came. Mrs. Claudine was busy over some little article of dress that was to add to her appearance on the next day, when an Irish girl, who had formerly lived with her, entered her room.

"Ah! Kitty!" said the lady, pleasantly. "How do you do?"

"I'm right well, mum, I thankee," replied Kitty, with a courtesy.

"Where do you live now, Kitty," inquired Mrs. Claudine.

"I'm living with Mrs. Ballman," said the girl.

"A very good place, I have no doubt."

"Oh, yes, mum. It is a good place. I hain't much to do, barrin' going out with the children on good days, and seein' after them in the house; and I get good wages."

"I'm very glad to hear it Kitty; and hope you will not give up so good a place soon."

"No, indeed, mum; and I won't do that. But Mrs. Claudine—"

And Kitty's face flushed and she stammered in her speech.

"What do you wish to say?" inquired the lady, seeing that Kitty hesitated to speak out what was on her mind.

"Indade, mum," said Kitty, evincing much perplexity, "I hardly know what I ought to do. But ye were good to me, mum, when I was sick, and didn't send me off to the poor house like some girls are sent, and I never can forget ye while there's breath in me body. And now I've come to ask ye, just as a favor to me, not to wear that new bonnet ye got from New York, to-morrow."

It was some moments before the surprise, occasioned by so novel and unexpected a request, left Mrs. Claudine free to make any reply.

"Why, Kitty!" she at length exclaimed, "what on earth can you mean?"

"Indade, mum, and ye mustn't ask me what I mane, only don't wear the bonnet to church on the morrow, because—because—och, indade, mum, dear, I can't say any more. It wouldn't be right."

Mrs. Claudine told Kitty to sit down, an invitation which the girl, who was much agitated, accepted. The lady then remained silent and thoughtful for some time.

"Kitty," she remarked, at length, in a serious manner, "what you have said to me sounds very strangely. How you should know that I intended appearing in a new bonnet to-morrow, or why you should be so much interested in the matter is more than I can understand. But to acting as you desire, I see no reason for doing so whatever."

This reply only had the effect to cause Kitty to urge her request more strenuously. But she would give no reason for her singular conduct. After the girl had gone away, Mrs. Claudine laid aside her work—for she was not in a state of mind to do any thing but think—and sat for at least an hour, musing upon the strange incident that had just occurred. All at once, it flashed upon her mind that there must be some plot in progress to discredit or rival her new bonnet, which Kitty had learned at Mrs. Ballman's. The more she thought of this, the more fully did she become satisfied that it must be so. She was aware that Mrs. Ballman had been chagrined at her leading off in new fashions once or twice before; and the fact, evident now, that she knew of her reception of the bonnet, and Kitty's anxiety that she should not wear it on Sunday, led her to the conviction that there was some plot against her. At first, she determined to appear in her new bonnet, disregardful of Kitty's warning. But subsequent reflection brought her to a different conclusion.

The moment Mrs. Claudine settled it in her mind that she would not appear in the new bonnet, she began dressing herself, hurriedly, to go out. It was as late as five o'clock in the afternoon when she called at the store of the milliner who had been commissioned by Mrs. Ballman to get her up a rival bonnet.

"Have you the last fashions from abroad?" enquired Mrs. Claudine.

"We have," replied the milliner.

"Will you let me see them?"

"Certainly, ma'am."

And the patterns were shown. After examining them carefully, for some time, Mrs. Claudine selected a style of bonnet that pleased her fancy, and said—

"You must get me up this bonnet so that I can wear it to-morrow."

"Impossible, madam," replied the milliner.—"This is Saturday evening."

"I know it is; but for money, you can get one of your girls to work all night. I don't care what you charge; but I must have the bonnet."

The milliner still hesitated, and seemed to be confused and uneasy. She asked Mrs. Claudine to sit down and wait for a little while, and then retired to think upon what she had better do. The fact was, Mrs. Claudine had pitched upon the very bonnet Mrs. Ballman had ordered, and her earnestness about having it made in time to wear on the next day, put it almost beyond her power to say no. If she were to tell her that Mrs. Ballman had ordered the same bonnet, that, she knew, would settle the matter. But, it occurred to her, that if both the ladies were to appear at church in the same bonnet, the fashion would be sure to take, and she, in consequence, get a large run of business. This thought sent the blood bounding through the milliner's veins, and decided her to keep her own counsel, and take Mrs. Claudine's order.

"She's as much right to the bonnet as Mrs. Ballman," settled all ethical questions that intruded themselves upon the milliner.

"I will have it ready for you," she said, on returning to Mrs. Claudine.

"Very well. But mind," said the lady, "I wish it got up in the very best style. The hurry must not take from its beauty. As for the price, charge what you please."

The milliner promised every thing, and Mrs. Claudine went home to think about the important events of the approaching Sabbath. On Sunday morning both bonnets were sent home, and both the ladies fully approved the style, effect, and all things appertaining to the elegant affairs.

At ten o'clock, Kitty, who was a broad face, coarse looking Irish girl, came into the chamber of Mrs. Ballman, dressed up in her best, which was not saying much for the taste and elegance of her appearance.

"Are you all ready?" asked her mistress.

"Yes, mum."

"Very well, Kitty, here's the bonnet. Now, remember, you are to go into the pew just in front of ours. The Armburners are all out of town, and there will be no one to occupy it."

Kitty received the elegant bonnet, which had come on express from New York, and placed it upon her head.

"You really look charming," said the lady.

But Kitty was not flattered by her words, and evinced so little heart in what she was doing, that Mrs. Ballman said to her, in a half threatening tone, as she left the room—

"Mind, Kitty, I shall expect to see you at church."

"Oh, yes, mum;—I'll be there," replied Kitty, courtesying awkwardly, and retiring.

Not long after Kitty had retired, Mrs. Ballman, after surveying, for many minutes, the effect of her new bonnet, becoming more and more pleased with it every moment, and more and more satisfied that it would "take," left her room and was descending the stairs for the purpose of joining the family, who were awaiting her below. Just at that unlucky moment, a servant, who was bringing down a vessel of water, slipped, and a portion of the contents came dashing over the head and shoulders of the richly attired lady, ruining her elegant bonnet, and completely destroying the happy frame of mind in which she was about attending public worship. No wonder that she cried aloud from the sudden shock and distress so untoward an event occasioned; nor that she went back weeping to her chamber, and refused to be comforted.

Mr. Ballman and the children proceeded alone to church on that day. On their return home, they found the lady in a calmer frame of mind. But Mr. Ballman looked grave, and was unusually silent. Kitty came home and gave up her elegant head-dress; and when her mistress told her that she might keep it she thanked her, but declined the present.

"You went to church, of course," she said.

"Oh, yes, mum," replied Kitty.

"And sat in the Armburner's pew?"

"Yes, mum."

"Alone?"

"Yes, mum."

"Was Mrs. Claudine there?"

"Yes, mum."

"Did she wear her new bonnet?"

"Yes, mum."

"It was exactly like this?"

"Oh, no, mum, it was exactly like the new one you had sent home this morning."

"What!" The face of the lady flushed instantly. "Wasn't it like this?"

"No, mum."

Mrs. Ballman sunk into a chair.

"You can retire, Kitty," she said, and the girl withdrew, leaving her to her own feelings and reflections, which were not of the most pleasing character.

The appearance of Kitty at church fully explained to Mrs. Claudine the ungenerous game that had been played against her. Her first thought was to retaliate. But reflection brought other and better feelings into play. Instead of exposing what had been done, she destroyed the bonnet received from New York, and made an effort to keep what had occurred a secret. But Kitty's appearance at church in such an elegant affair, naturally created some talk. One surmise after another was started, and, at last, from hints dropped by the milliner, and admissions almost extorted from Mrs. Claudine, the truth came out so fully, that all understood it; nor was Mrs. Ballman long left in ignorance on this head.

As to the fashion, Mrs. Claudine's bonnet became the rage; though, as might be supposed, Mrs. Ballman refused to adopt it.

Who will be the successful rival next season, we are unable to predict. But it is believed that Mrs. Claudine intends giving Mrs. Ballman an advance of two weeks, and then coming in with a different style, and beating her in spite of the advantage. We hope the affair will not terminate in "pistols and coffee for two."

Original Sketch.

COQUETRY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CAMPBELL MORFIT.

The coquette, male or female, who raises hopes only to crush them, excites affection only to scatter it to the winds—defacing the whole admirable tracery of life, by substituting dark, blank, and sad disappointment for the images of light and joy with which fancy had painted it, may be compared to the piratical marauder of the seas, whose sanguinary flag is every where regarded as the symbol of *destruction*. When the lovely gifts which God has bestowed upon woman are thus perverted from their pure design, and made the instruments to betray instead of a blessing and delight as He intended, not upon herself alone does the punishment fall; unfortunately it is visited back in an ill opinion of the whole sex. The feelings which accompany love in pure hearts are such as to be poisoned by one atom of pollution. The deeper and purer the sentiment the less will it admit the approach of any debasing mixture, and when the feelings have in this manner been wantonly agitated they never again return to their original purity, but subside into invincible aversion to that sex which has been the origin and destruction of their hopes of happiness. This is not unfrequently the formation of that much wronged race—old bachelors. Once deceived, they consider a life of loneliness preferable to companionship, again, with those whose heartlessness has brought such bitter experience. Besides the cruelty of this amusement,—one very much akin, we think, to the taste of a certain Emperor, who used to throw human victims to his wild beasts that he might enjoy a sight of their tortures,—coquetry implies a levity of disposition which no lady can exhibit without danger to her reputation. Male coquetting is quite as culpable in degree,—more so, in fact, since it is practised against those whom we are bound by all the laws of chivalry to honor and protect,—but it is less injurious to the character than when practised by the opposite sex. A lady who departs from that decorum of conduct, that delicacy of sentiment prescribed by custom, and associated with all our ideas of feminine purity, invites a freedom of remark from our sex she is little aware of. She may perchance learn it when too late to be of benefit;—when her admirers have bade "*good bye*," and she is left to the solitary companionship of her own thoughts, with the disagreeable reflection that her want of candor and consistency have been the cause. Cobbet, who was a close and accurate observer of mankind, in his letters to young men, earnestly cautions them against marrying any woman who exhibits levity of disposition, which he says, "Ninety-nine times of a hundred is the companion of a want of ardent feeling. Love is a mere name unless confined to one object, and young women in whom levity of conduct is observable, will not be thus restricted." It is a truth which no man of attentive observation will deny, that those women who are the *most light* in their manners, and who are the *least constant* in their attachments, have the smallest portion of that warmth, that indescribable passion which God has given to human beings as the great counter balance to all the sorrows and sufferings of life. It is this enthusiasm of attachment Cobbet here speaks of, that has prompted the many noble examples of self sacrifice in the wife where the honor or interest of the husband has been at stake; which has made banishment, privations, solitude, even death itself, light in comparison with the holy satisfaction of soothing his sorrows and throwing a flower over the dreariness of his life. But let me refer to a romantic legend connected with the history of an old church which supplies an excellent commentary upon what I have been saying. The facts have been taken by some interesting writer and festooned together with happy fancy in a little story under the appropriate title of the "*Wedding Knell*." The impression made upon me, when reading it years since, will not soon be forgotten. It resembled in effect that produced by Charlotte Cushman's powerful delineation of the character of Milwood in the tragedy of "George Barnwell." The heroine of real life, in my estimation, was only less culpable than the heroine of fiction, because she was surrounded by different circumstances. The same want of principle which induced the artful Milwood to become the moral destroyer of an amiable youth who loved her, was manifested in the conduct of the other, who could give scope to the sordid spirit of gain at the sacrifice of all the best feelings of her own heart and of her lover's.

The story is this:—A young girl is beloved by one endowed with the rich gifts of the mind, but destitute of that which she values more—the possession of wealth. She reciprocates his affection, yet turns aside from the honorable fulfilment of her promise, and weds one who wins her as the fabled nymph of old was won—*in a shower of gold*. When years had dimmed her attractions, and worldliness had left its canker upon her every feeling, she is again left free and untrammelled, and seeks from vanity or coquetry once more to renew her power over her early lover. He yields to her influence, but determines to punish her for her former perfidy. Maddened with excitement, possessed with the desire to make her keenly feel the misery she has wrought in him, he brings before her at the altar a horrible living picture, emblematic of her destiny. With all the awful solemnities of the grave, he appears like the spirit of some shadowy world returned to this as an avenger. He speaks to her; he paints the desolation of his life; he accuses her as the cause of his sufferings. The effect is as if the master rod had touched the barren rock, and brought from the silent stone its gushing waters. Her heart is touched; remorse is awakened; she a chastened, penitent, subdued. But an extract or two will better place the characters before my readers. The first describes the *solitaire*,—the latter relates to his eccentric marriage.

"He was selfish, like all men who brood over their own hearts, yet manifesting on rare occasions a vein of generous sentiment. A scholar throughout life, though always an indolent one, because his studies had no definite object either of public advantage or private ambition; a gentleman high bred and fastidiously delicate, yet sometimes requiring a considerable relaxation in his behalf of the common rules of society. In truth, there were so many anomalies in his character, and though shrinking with diseased sensibility from public notice, it had been his fatality so often to become the topic of the day by some wild eccentricity of conduct, that people searched his lineage for an hereditary taint of insanity. But there was no need of this. His caprices had their origin in a mind that lacked the support of an engrossing purpose, and in feelings that preyed upon themselves for want of other food. If he were mad, it was the consequence and not the cause of an aimless and abortive life.

"At the moment when the bride's foot touched the threshold, the bell swung heavily in the tower above her, and sent forth its deepest knell. The vibrations died away, and returned with prolonged solemnity as she entered the body of the church.

* * * * * * *

"The bride and most of her company had been too much occupied with the bustle of entrance to hear the first boding stroke of the bell, or at least to reflect on the singularity of such a welcome to the altar. They therefore continued to advance with undiminished gaiety.

* * * * * * *

"But another shake of the bell seemed to fill the church with a visible gloom, and the bride started with an irrepressible shudder, as if it had fallen directly upon her heart;—then recovering herself, while her attendants were yet in dismay, she took the lead and paced calmly up the aisle. The bell continued to swing, strike, and vibrate, with the same doleful regularity as when a corpse is on its way to the tomb.

"'My young friends here have had their nerves a little shaken,' said the widow, with a smile, to the clergyman at the altar. 'But so many weddings have been ushered in with the merriest peal of the bells and yet turned out unhappily, that I shall hope for better fortune under such auspices.'

* * * * * * *

"A funeral train was seen approaching the church, immediately after the steps of the bridegroom and his friends were heard at the door.—The widow looked down the aisle and clenched the arm of one of her bridesmaids in her bony hand with such unconscious violence, that the fair girl trembled.

* * * * * * *

"A dark procession entered the church, and as the aged mourners, attired from head to foot in the deepest black, were passing up the aisle, it was observed that from pew to pew the spectators shuddered with irrepressible awe as some object hitherto concealed by the intervening figures came full in sight. Many turned away their faces—others kept a fixed and rigid stare, and a young girl giggled hysterically and fainted with the laughter on her lips. When the spectral procession approached the altar, each couple separated, and slowly diverged, till in the centre appeared a form that had been worthily ushered in with all this gloomy pomp, the death knell and the funeral. It was the bridegroom in his shroud.

* * * * * * *

"'Come, my bride,' said he, in a mild sepulchral voice, 'the hearse is ready, the sexton stands waiting for us at the door of the tomb. Let us be married, and then to our coffins.'

* * * * * * *

"He stalked forward and stood beside the widow, contrasting the awful simplicity of his shroud with the glare and glitter in which she had arrayed herself for this unhappy scene. None that beheld them could deny the terrible strength of the moral which his disordered intellect had contrived to draw.

"'Cruel, cruel!' groaned the heart stricken bride.

"'Cruel!' repeated he; then losing his deathlike composure in a wild bitterness. 'Heaven judge which of us has been cruel to the other. In youth you deprived me of my happiness, of my hopes, my aims; you took away all the substance of my life, and made it a dream without reality enough even to grieve at; with only a pervading gloom through which I walked wearily and cared not whither. But after forty years, when I have built my tomb and would not give up the thought of resting there—no, not for such a life as we once pictured—you call me to the altar. At your summons I am here. But other husbands have enjoyed your youth, your beauty, your warmth of heart, and all that could be called your life. What is there for me but your decay and death? And therefore I have bidden these funeral friends, and bespoken the sexton's deepest knell, and am come in my shroud to wed you as with a burial service, that we may join our hands at the door of the sepulchre and enter it together.'

"It was not frenzy, it was not merely the drunkenness of strong emotions in a heart unused to it, that now wrought upon the bride. The stern lesson of the day had done its work, her worldliness was gone. She seized the bridegroom's hand.

"'Yes,' cried she, 'let us wed even at the door of the sepulchre. My life is gone in vanity and emptiness, but at its close there is one true feeling. It has made me worthy of you. Time is now no more for both of us. Let us wed for eternity.'

"With a long and deep regard the bridegroom looked into her eyes while a tear was gathering in his own. How strange that gush of human feeling from the frozen bosom of a corpse! He wiped away the tear even with his shroud.

"'Beloved of my youth,' said he, 'I have been wild. The despair of my whole life had returned at once, and maddened me. Forgive and be forgiven. Yes, it is evening with us now; let us join our hands before the altar, as lovers whom adverse circumstances have separated through life, yet who meet again as they are leaving it, and find their affections changed into something holy as religion. And what is time to the married of eternity?' Amid the tears of many and a swell of exalted sentiment in those who felt aright, was solemnized the union of two immortal souls!'"

Can any one peruse this touching story and not be aroused by its passionate interest? The slow and weary years that marked the old man's life, his inextinguishable love which circumstances might diminish, but time itself could not subdue. The long pent up sorrow of his breast bursting at last the barriers of restraint, and swaying even folly into seriousness and repentance, all create an impression which, like the effect produced on the spectator by gazing upon some master-piece of art, leaves him silent, musing upon its eloquence. Fortunately, however, for mankind, the mass of men are not liable to such melancholy passions. It is only minds of a high-wrought, poetical order that are acted upon by such influences, and when Hope breaks her golden promises to these, Time brings no second harvest of the affections. The sap is dried—the sources are withered. In the expressive words of the poet, they may sigh forth the mournful requiem of their hearts, "The spring returned with its blossoms but of me not a leaf arose."

Our Portrait Gallery.

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

[We published a portrait of this great French orator and poet about a year ago—but the prominent part he has recently taken in France, is a sufficient excuse for laying it again before our old subscribers, to say nothing of the gratification of our thousands of new ones. The following biographical sketch of Lamartine is from the Pennsylvanian.]

The advices by the Caledonia make this statesman-poet, the life and soul of the great movement by which France promises to be made a Republic, in the most liberal sense. The correspondent of the New York Herald, says that Lamartine is fifty-five years old—but we suspect he is at least ten years older. One authority says he was born on the 21st of October, 1780, at Macon, on the Seine—which would make him nearly sixty-eight. The first recollection he had of his father was that of a prisoner during the French revolution. Lamartine has been a hard student, and has travelled considerably—having been absent on a tour through the Holy Land thirteen months. He travelled in great state, and with much splendor. His literary compositions have made him an enduring fame, and his last work on the "*Girondins*," has acquired an immense popularity and circulation in this country. He has occupied several diplomatic positions, and has been for many years a liberal member of the Chamber of Deputies.

As a Parliamentarian, he occupies a very high position. Nobody doubts his great integrity—the purity of his motives—the generosity of his soul—notwithstanding many believe he is more a transcendentalist than a statesman. Although a man of immense wealth, his whole heart is with the people. His speeches in the Chamber, of which he has been a member for years, have always been on the Democratic side; and it is recorded of him, that he spoke in a drenching rain for several hours at one of the great assemblages, which led to this powerful revolution of which he is now claimed to be the head. Being a poet, his imagination is lively and happy: he has a capacious and retentive memory: a manner never disconcerted by interruption: perfect self-possession: a rare felicity in the expression of his ideas: a power of pointed reply: abundance of imagery: a fine voice, and an elegant and rather aristocratic bearing—noble gestures—tall person—blue eyes—prominent forehead, &c. All these are striking advantages to a speaker, and especially to a leader in such a revolution as the present, and of such a people as the French.

A recent French writer, who does not like Lamartine's politics, after a harsh criticism of his public acts says:—"By instinct or sentiment, he is generous, charitable, devoted to the people, ready at all times to do whatever is useful, elevated, and rational; independent and courageous in his opinions, sometimes on the border of being a radical. He cannot hate liberty; for his is a noble soul." His speeches in the French Chambers on free-trade, in favor of the freedom of the press, against the death punishment, and for extended suffrage, are pronounced to be master efforts by those who have read them.

It seems to us that this is the picture of a great statesman—a genuine Republican—a high-souled and disinterested patriot. France has many, very many, great minds in her cabinet of intellectual jewels; but none of them outshines the lofty intellect and intrepid integrity of Alphonse de Lamartine. These are the men that made her Free. May they keep her so!

Since the above was written, we have Lamartine's address to the diplomatic agents of the French Republic, in different parts of the world. It is elevated, manly, and Republican to the core, and is written with a degree of ability and of eloquence which makes the blood tingle, and causes the heart to palpitate with joy. To all Americans it is a paper that has only to be read to be remembered.

CIRCULAR OF THE MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS, TO THE DIPLOMATIC AGENTS OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

SIR,—You know the events of Paris, the victory of the people, its heroism, its moderation, its pacification, the order re-established by the concurrence of the whole of the citizens, as if, in that interregnum of the visible powers, the reason of the public were alone the Government of France.

The French Revolution has thus entered into its definitive period. France is Republican. The French Republic has no occasion to be acknowledged in order to exist. By natural law, as well as by the law of nations, it exists: it is the will of a great people, which does not demand its title but from itself. Nevertheless, the French Republic, desiring to enter into the family of governments instituted as regular powers, and not as a phenomenon coming to disturb the order of Europe, it is proper that you promptly make known to the Government to which you are accredited, the principles and tendencies which will henceforth direct the foreign policy of the French Government.

The proclamation of the French Republic is not an act of aggression against any form of government in the world. The forms of government have diversities as legitimate as the forms of character, the geographical situation, the intellectual, moral, and material development of nations. Nations, like individuals, have different ages. The principles which govern them have successive phases—monarchical, aristocratical, constitutional, Republican governments, are the expressions of the different degrees of the maturity of the genius of the different nations. They demand more liberty in proportion as they feel themselves capable of supporting more. They demand more equality and democracy in proportion as they are more inspired with the feeling of justice and love for the people. It is a question of time. A nation goes astray in outrunning the hour of that maturity, as it dishonors itself in allowing it to escape without seizing upon it. The monarchy and the Republic are not, in the eyes of true statesmen, absolute principles, which are enemies to the death; they are facts which are contrasted to each other, and which can live face to face, while they understand and respect each other.

War, then, is not the principle of the French Republic, as it became the fatal and glorious necessity of the Republic in 1792. Between 1792 and 1848 there is half a century. To return, after the lapse of half a century, to the principles of 1790, or to the principle of conquest and of empire, would not be to advance, it would be to retrograde with the advance of time. The revolution of yesterday is a step in advance, and not one backwards. The world and ourselves wish to march to fraternity and peace.

If the situation of the Republic in 1792 explained the war, the differences which exist between that period of our history and that in which we live, explains the peace. Apply yourself to the understanding of these differences, and explain them to those around you.

In 1792 the nation was not one. Two nations (*peoples*) existed on the same soil. A terrible struggle still prolonged itself between the classes dispossessed of their privileges, and the classes who had just succeeded in achieving equality and liberty. The classes dispossessed united themselves with the captive royalty, and with jealous foreigners, to deny its Revolution in France, and to re-impose upon it the monarchy, the aristocracy, and the theocracy by invasion. At the present day there are no longer any distinctions and inequality of classes. Liberty has freed all.—Equality before the law has levelled every thing. Fraternity, of which we proclaim the application, and of which the National Assembly is to organize the benefits, is about to unite all. There is not a single individual in France, to whatever opinion he may belong, who does not rally to the principle of the country before every thing else, and who does not render, by that very union, all attempts impregnable to the attempt and to the fears of invasion.

In 1792, it was not the entire population who entered into possession of the Government. It was the middle classes only who wished to exercise liberty and enjoy it. The triumph of the middle class at that time was egotistical, as the triumph of every oligarchy must be. It wished to retain for itself the rights achieved for all. It was necessary for it to operate a strong diversion against the advance of the people, by precipitating it (the people) on the field of battle, in order to prevent it from entering into the exercise of its own Government. This diversion was the war. War was the idea of the Monarchists and the Girondins. It was not the idea of the most advanced Democratics, who wished, like us, the sincere regards and the complete reign of the people itself, comprising in that name all classes, without exclusion or preference, as the nation is composed.

In 1792, the people was only the instrument of the Revolution. To-day, the Revolution is made by the people, and for the people. The people is itself the Revolution. In entering into it, it carries into it its new necessities of labor, of industry, of instruction, of agriculture, of commerce, of morality, of prosperity, of property, of cheap living, of navigation, and, in short, of civilization, which are all the necessities of peace. The people and peace are but one word.

In 1792, the ideas of France and of Europe were unprepared to comprehend and to accept the great harmony of nations among each other, to the benefit of the human race. The idea of the age which was closing was only in the heads of some philosophers. Philosophy at the present day is popular. Fifty years of liberty of thinking, of speaking, and of writing, have produced their result. Books, journals, and the tribune, have acted as the apostles of European intelligence. Reason spreading every where, and overstepping the frontiers of nations, has created that intellectual nationality which will be the achievement of the French Revolution, and the constitution of international fraternity all over the globe.

In short, in 1792, liberty was a novelty, equality was a scandal, and the Republic was a problem. The title of nations which had only just been discovered by Fenelon, Montesquieu, and Rousseau, was so completely forgotten, buried, profaned by old feudal dynastic and sacerdotal traditions, that the most legitimate intervention of the people in its affairs appeared a monstrosity to the statesmen of the old school. Democracy made the monarchs, and at the same time the foundations of society tremble. To-day, thrones and the people are accustomed to the word, to the forms, and to the regular agitation of liberty, exercised in nearly different proportions in all States, and even in monarchies. They will accustom themselves to the Republic, which is its complete form in all the ripest of nations. They will recognize that there is a conservative liberty. They will acknowledge that there may be in the Republic not only better order, but that there may be more real order in that government of all for all, than in the government of the few for the few.

But besides these disinterested considerations, the sole interest of the consolidation and the duration of the Republic, would inspire in the statesmen of France the thoughts of peace. It is not the country that runs the greatest danger in the war; it is the liberty. War is almost always a dictatorship. Soldiers forget institutions for men. Thrones tempt the ambitious. Glory dazzles patriotism. The prestige of a glorious name veils the attack upon the sovereignty of the nation.—The Republic desires glory, without doubt, but it wishes it for itself, and not for Cæsars or Napoleons.

Do not deceive yourselves, nevertheless. Those ideas which the Provisional Government charges you to present to the powers as a pledge of European safety, have not for their object to obtain forgiveness to the Republic for having had the boldness to create itself, and still less to ask humbly the place of a great right and a great people in Europe. They have a more noble object:—to make sovereigns and nations reflect, and not to allow them to deceive themselves involuntarily as to the character of our revolution; to give its true light and its just character to the event; in short, to give pledges to humanity before giving them to our right, and to our honor, if they should be unacknowledged or threatened.

The French Republic will, then, not make war on any one. It has no occasion to say that, if conditions of war are laid down to the French people, it will accept them. The thoughts of the men who at the present moment govern France, are these:—it will be fortunate for France if war be declared against it, and if it be constrained thus to increase in strength and glory, in spite of its moderation. It will be a terrible responsibility for France, if the Republic itself declares war without being provoked to it. In the first case, its martial genius, its impatience of action, its strength accumulated during so many years of peace, will render it invincible within its own territory, and redoubtable, perhaps, beyond its frontiers. In the second case, it would turn against itself the recollection of its conquests, which diminish the affection of nations, and it would compromise the first and most universal alliance, the spirit of nations and the genius of civilization.

According to these principles, sir, which are the cool principles of France—principles she can present without fear, as without suspicion, to her friends and to her enemies—you will have the goodness to impress upon yourself the following declarations:

The treaties of 1815 exist no longer as law in the eyes of the French Republic;—nevertheless, the territorial circumscription of these treaties are a fact which it admits as a basis, and as a *point de depart* in its relations with other actions.

But if the treaties do not exist any longer except as facts to modify a common understanding, and if the Republic declares openly that its right and its mission is to arrive regularly and pacifically at these modifications, the good sense, the moderation, the conscience, the prudence of the Republic exist, and are for Europe a better and more honorable guarantee than the letter of those treaties, so often violated and modified by Europe itself.

Endeavor, sir, to make this emancipation of the Republic from the treaties of 1815 be clearly understood, and try to show that that freedom has nothing in it which is irreconcilable with the repose of Europe.

Thus we declared it openly. If the hour of the reconstruction of some nationalities, oppressed in Europe or elsewhere, should appear to us to have sounded in the decrees of Providence, if Switzerland, our faithful ally since the time of Francis I., were constrained or threatened in the advance which she is effecting in her government, in order to lend additional strength to the facine of Democratic governments—if the independent States of Italy were invaded—if any limits or obstacles were imposed on their internal transformations—if the right of alliance among themselves, in order to consolidate an Italian nation, were contested by main force—the French Republic would believe itself entitled to arm itself in order to protect these legitimate movements of the greatness and the nationality of States.

The Republic, you see, by its first step, repudiates the era of proscriptions and of dictations. She is decided never to veil liberty at home. She is equally decided never to veil its democratic principle abroad. She will never permit any one to interpose between the pacific radiation of its liberty and the regard of nations. She proclaims herself the intellectual and cordial ally of every right, of every progress, of every legitimate development of the institutions of nations which wish to live on the same principle as herself. She will not endeavor any immoderate or incendiary propagandism among her neighbors. She knows that there is no durable freedom but that which grows of itself on its own soil. But it will exercise by the light of its ideas, by the spectacle of order and of peace which it hopes to give to the world, the sole and honest proselytism of esteem and of sympathy. This is not war, it is nature. That is not the agitation of Europe, it is life. That is not to embroil the world, it is to shine from its place on the horizon of nations, to advance them and to guide them at the same time.

We desire, for humanity, that the peace be preserved. We even hope it. One only question of war was mooted, a year ago, between England and France. It was not Republican France which started that question of war; it was the dynasty. The dynasty carries away with it that danger of war which it had given rise to for Europe by the entirely personal ambition of its family alliances in Spain. Thus that domestic policy of the fallen dynasty, which weighed for seventeen years on our national dignity, weighed at the same time, by its pretensions to another crown at Madrid, on our liberal alliances and on peace. The Republic has no ambition. The Republic has no nepotism. It inherits not the pretensions of a family. Let Spain govern itself; let Spain be independent and free. France, for the solidity of this natural alliance, counts more on the conformity of principles than on the successions of the house of Bourbon!

Such is, sir, the spirit of the councils of the Republic. Such will invariably be the character of the policy, frank, firm, and moderate, which you will have to represent.

The Republic has pronounced at its birth, and in the midst of the heat of contest not provoked by the people, three words which have revealed its soul, and which will call down on its cradle the blessings of God and men—Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. She gave immediately thereafter, by the abolition of the punishment of death for political offences, the true commentary of those three words at home; do you also give them their true commentary abroad. The sense of these three words applied to our external relations is this; the breaking by France of the chains which weighed on its principle and its dignity; the recovery of the rank which it ought to occupy in the scale of the great European powers; in fine, the declaration of alliance and amity to all nations. If France feels conscientiously its part in the mission, of freedom and civilization in the present age, there is not one of those words which signifies *war*. If Europe is prudent and just, there is not one of those words which does not signify *peace*.

Receive, sir, the assurance of my high esteem.

(Signed) LAMARTINE,
Member of the Provisional Government of the Republic and Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Paris, March 2, 1848.

Selected Articles.

THE WIDOW'S WOOER.

BY MRS. E. C. EMBURY.

He woos me with those honied words
That women love to hear,
Those gentle flatteries that fall
So sweet on every ear;
He tells me that my face is fair,
Too fair for grief to shade;
My cheek, he says, was never meant
In sorrow's gloom to fade.

He stands beside me when I sing
The songs of other days,
And whispers in love's thrilling tones
The words of heartfelt praise;
And often in my eye he looks,
Some answering to see,
In vain! he there can only read
The faith of memory.

He little knows what thoughts awake,
With every gentle word
How, by his looks and tones, the founts
Of tenderness are stirred.
The visions of my youth return,
Joys far too bright to last,
And while he speaks of future bliss,
I think but of the past.

Like lamps in eastern sepulchres,
Amid my heart's deep gloom,
Affection sheds its holiest light
Upon my husband's tomb.
As those bright lamps if brought once more
To upper air, grow dim,
So my soul's love is cold and dead
Unless it glows for him.

A HARD CASE.

A poor, but jolly weaver, in this city, not many years ago, had a fortune left him by a distant and wealthy relative, who went "off the handle" in England, rather unexpectedly. When the news came to the poor fellow, as he sat *clicket-te-clacket* at his loom, he *stopped*, stock still, and said—"Well, I suppose I must spend the money *straight*." The fortune, some twenty odd thousand dollars, was duly realized and duly spent. For two brief years did the poor weaver travel, make merry, and riot upon all the luxuries of the land! But two years did the job, and he returned to his loom as poor as a church mouse, but merry as a cricket, and worked away again for his daily bread, perfectly satisfied with the "good time" he had had, while his fortune lasted. His friends called him green, but he laughed at their gibes, and worked the harder. In a twelve month's time, off popped another rich relative, and the news, post haste, came to the jolly weaver, that he was again the possessor of a handsome fortune. Stopping his loom, and looking sorrowfully at the letter, he despondingly said—"Good Heavens! is it possible *that I must go through all that again*!"—*Boston Saturday Rambler.*

Selected Poetry.

I'D HAVE THEE MINE.

I'd have thee mine,
In the first dawning of thy loveliness,
When all around thee speaks of spring's fresh blossom,
And all of thee is fitted to express
The radiant thoughts of thy too happy bosom—
Then would I claim thee first!

I'd have thee mine,
Not for the transient pleasure of an hour—
Not for a feverish fancy that should vanish,
But as a star set in my spirit's bower,
Whose light no storms of time nor fate could banish—
To rule Love's heaven for aye!

I'd have thee mine,
To cheer my youthful steps along life's way—
To share my triumphs in the world's wide field—
To cure my griefs when wounded in the fray;
And nerve my spirit, if it stooped to yield,
To sterner battle still!

I'd have thee mine,
That I might toil for thee, and watch thy brow,
To chase each shadow from it; and still bring
A newer joy within thy breast of snow,
Till life should seem all made of light and spring,
And music softly toned.

I'd have thee mine,
That I might see, through thy maturer years,
Thy soul grow brighter, casting off all dross
And fitted to inmate the purer spheres,
Where higher purity becomes no cross,
But highest blessedness!

I'd have thee mine,
That when the labors of our genial prime
Were over, and the frost of age came on,
We might recall the pleasures of this time,
And join its tender love with years not gone,
But growing fonder still!

I'd have thee mine,
That when the last dread hour came o'er my heart,
Thy hand should smooth my pillow, and my head
Rest on thy bosom, and my soul depart,
Mixing with thy dear prayers that then might'st tread
Soon the dim path with me!

I'd have thee mine,
That when thou, too, should'st leave this weary earth,
Alike in soul, thought, feeling, we might be
United in a land of higher birth,
One—one in being, bliss and ecstacy,
And one in immortality!

Sketches of Russia.

THE CZAR;

His Court, his Camp, and his People

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ST. PETERSBURG.

A brief sketch of this remarkable city seems almost a necessary appendage to our remarks on the Manners and Customs of the Russians. No greater or nobler merely human task was ever undertaken, than that with which Peter the Great charged himself, when the death of his brother called him to the throne. It was to civilize the barbarous race over whom he was called to rule. To fit himself for this purpose, he left his kingdom and travelled into Western Europe, to observe and study the progress there made. In Holland, especially, did he learn what triumphs the art and genius of man can acquire over nature itself. Wishing for a navy, he there became a practical ship-builder, and returned to his home determined to rear a second Amsterdam among the frozen waters of the Northern Baltic. Men of genius and of skill were taken freely into his service.

The Gulf of Cronstadt appeared to him, from the size and depth of the Neva at its mouth, suitable to his designs, and he determined to make it a mercantile and naval station. To protect this establishment a fortress was constructed on an island formed by the two arms of the Neva. Then on the left bank of the Grand Neva was reared the *Admiralty*, and then the wooden palace. With Amsterdam as the model in his eye, he now determined on the site of his future city, the foundation of which was laid in Wassili-Ostroff, an island formed by the large and smaller Neva. Canals were dug, and wooden houses were erected on it. As the difficulties of the project increased, so did the determination of the Czar. More canals were dug and drains made to rid it of the water which stagnated in it, until finally streets having taken the places of the canals, Wassili Ostroff is now one of the finest quarters of St. Petersburg.

Now did the genius of Peter lead him to lay out a plot of his new city on a scale suitable to the Capital of his vast empire. Both banks of the Neva were lined with marshes. To enable them to bear the weight of the superb edifices he contemplated, they must be thoroughly reclaimed and drained. It was an Herculean task, worthy of such a monarch. Streets of great width, large and superb squares were traced out, and the Northern Capital was to be the admiration of Europe. The Seat of Government located there, the nobility and courtiers naturally flocked thither, and it was easy to predict the brilliant future which awaited the City of the Marshes.

Viewed in connection with the rest of the Empire, no Capital in Europe is so badly located. It is in a distant and remote corner, situated on a marsh of Ingria, in the sixtieth degree of North latitude. The climate is most severe, the adjacent country desert, sterile and unhealthy,—no other man would probably have thought of rearing a Capital in such a position. But Peter just then was Dutchmad. He had the Holland mania on him, and Amsterdam in the midst of its dikes and canals was preferable in his eyes to the splendid locations of many other great European cities. The position of St. Petersburg and the wretched country around it, renders its inhabitants dependant upon remote provinces for a large portion of their provisions. As a maritime position, too, it is most wretched, as the Neva, on which it is located, is frozen steadily during six months of the year, so that vessels bound from it on voyages of any, even moderate distance, are obliged to leave late in the season and return early; they can, moreover, only go out with Easterly winds, and those from the West prevail chiefly during the summer; whilst the soft water of the Neva is very prejudicial to them.

Add to this the dreadful ravages which are constantly made by the breaking up of the ice in the Neva, and the numerous destructive fires, resulting from the immense number of wooden buildings, used in preference in consequence of the severity of the climate, and we have a catalogue of drawbacks against the location of this memorable city. Peter wished, however, to force a people, who are not by nature maritime, to become so. In this respect, like all other attempts to force things out of their natural channel, and in opposition to those immutable laws which Providence has wisely ordained for the government of the human race, he failed.

In his determination to un-Russianize the Russians, Peter acted wisely in removing his Capital from Moscow. So long as that great and "holy city" remained the Capital of the Empire, he must have found insurmountable obstacles in removing the prejudices of his people. It is much easier to change the character of men by removing them to other places, than to effect it in the spot in which all their early prejudices have been born and grown. His first attempt was of course on the higher classes, and through them gradually on their dependants. In this view of the case some removal was as wise as necessary in his case. But should St. Petersburg have been the spot?

Its distance from the centre of the empire and its vicinity to the frontier, answers no. Had the seat of government been more in the heart of the empire, so that the government could have been earlier apprised of his movements, the rebel Pontgatcheff, the false Peter the III., would not, at the head of his insurgent peasantry, been enabled for a time to sweep all opposition before him, and cause Catherine the II. to tremble for life and throne. Its vicinity to the frontier rendered it in 1790, almost a prey to the Swedes, who disembarked within five miles of the city. There is nothing to prevent a superior naval power from at any time giving great disquietude to the city.

We have spoken of the inundations of the Neva. We will briefly glance at several of the most striking. Mention is made of them from the earliest times. On the 5th of November, 1715, the whole city was under water. On the same day in 1721, an inundation which filled the lower part of the city to the depth of seven feet four inches occurred. In the upper parts of the city the water was up to the breasts of the horses. The Czar, who was at a ball at the English Ambassador's, regained his palace with great difficulty. Inundations also occurred twice in 1726, in 1729, 1732, 1736, 1744, 1752, in which year the waters rose to over eight feet in the lower part of the city, and remained so for eight days; in 1757, 1762 and 1777. This last was the most formidable of the eighteenth century. It occurred on the 10th of September, during the night, and by six o'clock in the morning had raised the waters in the streets to a depth of over ten feet. They passed all through the city in boats, large vessels were driven up in the streets, and one of considerable size rested on the steps of the winter palace—a very large number of lives were lost, and much property destroyed.

We pass by several others of minor importance, more or less destructive, however, to note the great one which occurred on the 7th of November, 1824. The waters of the Neva had been swollen by copious rains, and on that day overflowed their banks. The Capital was soon under water to the depth of many feet, which agitated by the fury of the wind, resembled in the streets of the city, the waves of the ocean. Vessels were driven through the streets; and so sudden was the inundation, that very many were surprised by it in the streets, who unable to escape by climbing to the nearest resting places, were drowned. Four hundred and eighty persons were officially announced to have perished, which was, however, believed to be short of the mark. Four hundred and sixty-two houses were entirely destroyed, three thousand six hundred and eighty damaged. Three thousand six hundred head of cattle were drowned; and at the custom house property to the value of several millions of roubles was totally lost. Since then there have been several inundations, but none so destructive. The most and worst of these occurred from the violence of the West wind, in meeting the waters of the river swollen with heavy rains, and forcing them back towards their source. To this casualty, against which no human power can guard, St. Petersburg is always liable.

The climate of this city is what its latitude indicates. Its coldness and humidity require the utmost care to guard against its influences. The thermometer indicates a range so low as to be almost incredible that civilized man should have voluntarily selected it for a residence. The rich, whose houses are warmed constantly to a summer heat, and who never expose themselves, if they can avoid it, unless entirely muffled in furs, do not suffer from it, as do the poor. The nights are frightful. The boutechniks (inferior police agents) and sentries are sometimes found frozen to death. The exposure of the least part of the body is dangerous. Individuals are constantly seen gravely rubbing each other's frozen nose or cheek with snow, to prevent it from becoming gangrened. Thus without, all is ice, cold; within, the stifling heat of the stove. No air can be inhaled in out door exercises during that greater portion of the year in which St. Petersburg is buried several feet deep in snow and ice. The principal topic of conversation is the weather, and thermometers are studied with an assiduity which renders a sojourner in St. Petersburg an adept in them.

One of the most curious spectacles afforded by St. Petersburg at this season, is the market for frozen provisions. Housekeepers lay in their stock for the season. All that is bought is frozen, and it is to be kept in the same state. It is curious to see around you numerous dead bodies, having the appearance of petrified animals. Oxen, sheep, lambs, calves, pork, game, all are reduced to the stiffness of marble, and when a piece is to be cut off, it is done by the hatchet. The supply taken home is buried in the snow, and thawed when required for use.

The greatest curse which can befal St. Petersburg during this season, is a thaw. By it provisions are destroyed, and the Capital dependant on distant provinces for a supply* is threatened with a famine. The roads, too, become such as to forbid any hope of immediate assistance. The effect of this rise of temperature, by melting the upper crust of the snow, is to render the streets almost impassable, and when the final and general thaw takes place in the spring, you are reminded in wading through them of the original marshes out of which they sprung.

The aspect of St. Petersburg is grand and imposing. It may be called, however, like a large portion of its inhabitants, always in uniform, always under arms. Its regularity, its immense palaces, its immeasurable squares, its streets laid out by a line, its masses of stone and granite, always fill the mind with surprise and admiration. It wants, however, that variety which is the great charm of some of the older European cities. The immense scale on which every thing is laid out, deprives it of that life, which is the charm of many other Capitals. In the quarters of the city and the streets, which are remote from the haunts of promenaders and of business, a dullness which may be felt, reigns. In this respect it resembles, but on a larger scale, many portions of our sister city, New York. It has been likened by a lively French writer to Versailles, on a large scale, but Versailles as it now is, empty, pompously insignificant and majestically insipid; not Versailles as it existed in the times of Louis XIV., with its thousands of courtiers and populace of lackeys.

The Grecian style of art, with its long façade, its lofty columns, its noble porticos, does not appear to us suitable to the climate of Russia, and yet it is this which the inhabitants of St. Petersburg have sought to acclimatise in their cold and wintry regions. It seems strikingly out of place to see the Parthenon, which overlooked the sunny waters of the South, transferred to the ice-bound shores of the Baltic. The temples which graced the rocky steeps of the Egean seem out of keeping on the marshes of the Neva. And yet it is to this style of architecture that they have so much resorted.—These are, however, rendered worse by being adorned with ornaments of tinsel show, whose very beauty in their native climes is their chaste simplicity.

By the side of all this magnificence is found the ever-present Russian filth. These two words, says a traveller, describe the city. The hotels especially, abound in this. They are most uncomfortable within, and form a striking contrast to the splendor that reigns around. Nor is the attendance better. There is a perfect contempt of comfort, on the part of those charged to administer it to you. "I headed in a hotel," says M. Marmier, "which had been recommended to me as one of the best. Every seven or eight days, my moujik, tired of yawning on the staircase, and not knowing what else to do, came to take the covering off my bed and pour a little fresh water into a jug; when he went away, enchanted at having accomplished such marvels. Cleaning a bureau or dusting a chair was work unworthy of him. He quietly permitted floods of dust to accumulate on the furniture."

Such is a brief glance at St. Petersburg. To have considered it more at length would have led us into details inconsistent with our plan.

* There are frequently seen on the same table, the sterlet of the Volga, the veal of Archangel, the mutton of Astrachan, the beef of the Ukraine and the pheasant of Hungary and Bohemia.

AN ELOQUENT FIGURE.—The Mecklenburg Jeffersonian, speaking of the Union of the States, uses the following figure:

"Like one of those wondrous rocking stones reared by the Druids, which the finger of a child might vibrate to its centre, yet the might of an army could not move from its place; our Constitution is so nicely poised and balanced, that it seems to sway with every breath of opinion, yet so firmly rooted in the hearts and affections of the people, that the wildest storms of treason and fanaticism break over it in vain."

REAL HEROES.—Who are the saints of humanity? Those whose perpetual habits of goodness and of grandeur, have made nearly unconscious that which they do is good or grand—heroes with infantine simplicity.—*Lavater.*

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1848.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. S. J.'s suggestions shall receive due consideration. We are grateful for the interest he takes in the Post. It is sometimes difficult, when receiving the most opposite advice, to decide upon the truly expedient course.

A Subscriber, who writes from Quakertown in relation to the Arithmetical Question, is clearly wrong. How can A.'s part be 10-30 of $68.45 and $11.80 also? J. M. F. was right in saying 10-33. Apropos to this matter, we would say that we are not obliged to those who send us arithmetical questions with wrong answers to them, or wrong answers to questions sent by others. We have no time to go over long calculations, and rectify the blunders of correspondents. Hereafter we shall adhere more strictly to our rule, that when we detect a correspondent in one blunder in this department, to decline his communications altogether.

To our correspondents in general we would say, that we are almost equally obliged to two classes of them,—those that send us first-rate articles, and those who favor us with the most miserable trash in the world. With these two classes, we have no trouble—we are not under the necessity of poring over their contributions to come to a determination what to do with them. As for that much larger class who write articles too bad to print and too good to burn, we must say that their communications give us infinite trouble and vexation. No wonder was it that the Ancients in their wisdom averred, that such offences neither gods nor men could tolerate.

TO THOSE IN ARREARS.

We trust that the large number of our subscribers who are in arrears to the old firm of S. D. Patterson & Co., will see the propriety of sending on the various amounts due, as soon as possible, in order that we may close our old accounts. As our new movements to enlarge and beautify the Post will subject us to a large additional weekly expense, we shall be under the necessity of being more strict than heretofore in relation to punctual payments. We trust our subscribers will not be offended at this, and that those whose names we are compelled to drop from our list, will not find fault with us for so doing, but will continue to cherish the old friendly feeling towards the Post and its proprietors.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large clubs for the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

OUR PREMIUM.

We are afraid that our subscribers generally are not bearing in mind our premium offer (made in our Prospectus) to the Post Office sending us the largest number of subscribers. Nothing can be lost by endeavoring to win the premium, while whatever office succeeds will have its papers next year for nothing.

THIS WEEK'S PAPER.

Our paper this week overflows with matter relative to the French Revolution. We cannot avoid it, it is the great event of the century, and interest attaches to every anecdote of the glorious three days. Our city readers must excuse some recapitulations of things they have seen in their daily papers, for the sake of our vast number of country readers. Such a Revolution does not happen every day—and many of the facts concerning it will well bear reading twice.

GREAT BRITAIN.

That there will have to be a further measure of Reform in Great Britain is evident. Ireland appears to be on the brink of an insurrection. Great and immediate concessions will have to be made, or the standard of Independence is as sure to be raised in that island, as the coming of the months. The time is past for trifling, and action has become the one thing needful. Ireland is determined upon having a greater measure of justice.

In England and Scotland, too, there must be and will be Reform. The right of suffrage will have to be extended, and other popular measures adopted. If something is not done, an explosion is inevitable—especially if the French Revolutionists behave moderately and wisely. In fact, the cause of Freedom in Europe, will be accelerated or retarded half a century, according as the French experiment seems to promise for good or ill. In England especially, almost every thing depends upon this.—For John Bull is essentially conservative, and draws back into his shell like a tortoise, at the least discordant sound.

The London Times, the leading English paper, makes no secret of what is required. On the 10th edition, after ridiculing the imbecility of the ministry, it made use of the following evidently well-considered and significant language:

We shall not be misunderstood when we say, that while all our neighbors are having their revolutions, we must have a revolution of our own—one of the quiet and constitutional sort. All Europe is taking a start. Every country is contributing something to movement. France expects to gain something by her change. The British people will be ashamed to be beaten in this respect.—They must be able to compare notes with hers. Now, we are not going to vie with France in splendid ideas. She may enjoy the exclusive possession of her three political goddesses (Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,) and much good may they do her. What will satisfy the British people is practical improvement. Once prove to them that you have removed an abuse, destroyed an injurious monopoly, reformed the administration of justice, of commerce, of finance, or of public health, secured employment for the poor, or done any good work, and they will be content to drop the ideal. We want, therefore, practical men; and a practical man, that is, an efficient Minister, is all the dictator we require. A moderate budget of good measures, vigorously pushed, and ultimately carried, is the best revolution; and amongst other reasons, because it is one which admits of an annual repetition. More we need not say. The people ask not revolution in the common sense, but some decided progress, and, if it cannot get that progress from one Minister, it will require him to abdicate, and give place to another.

Such, it seems, was a pretty general opinion—for Lord John Russel took the hint, and on the evening of the next day, decided upon resigning his office. The poor state of this gentleman's health is given in some of the English papers as the cause of the inefficiency of the ministry—doubtless it was so, he had "the falling sickness." Who now is to be called to the helm, is not stated. It would not be at all surprising to us, to see Sir Robert Peel once more at the head of affairs. Then, perhaps, the prophecy of a certain Lord Chancellor would be fulfilled, that Sir Robert Peel would ultimately be the instrument in the hands of the people, to rend in twain the connection between Church and State, and engraft principles not many years ago deemed almost treasonable, upon the Constitution of England. But in such rapid times as these, we shall not have to wait long to see the issue. Every semi-monthly steamer brings a whole year's load of news. We like this. If the work is to be done, "it were well done if it were done quickly." Europe is rushing onward at a rate almost to satisfy an American.

METTERNICH.

Metternich, though the soul of tyranny in Europe, differs from most of the crowned heads, in not being a fool. It appears that he is not blind to "the hand-writing on the wall," and at a recent council, therefore advised concessions in Lombardy, as well as in Bohemia and Hungary—with regard to the first, the danger being imminent, prompt and ample concessions. But Providence appears to have deprived the Austrian monarch, and his favorite councillors, of the little sense which was originally bestowed upon them—and they bent lowering brows upon the old statesman who in the cause of despotism, had weathered so many storms. Seeing that his influence was gone, and that the day of retribution was at hand, Metternich signified that he had arrived at too advanced a period of life to grapple with the difficulties which he foresaw would arise from an obstinate persistance in coercive policy. He did not, however, resign formally, at the moment. The same evening he went to the theatre. During the performance some insignificant expression to the effect of "We must get rid of these ministers," was caught up by the house, and repeated, all eyes being directed to the old statesman, who soon after rose much affected, and at once gave effect to his previously expressed intention. Thus the Emperor of Austria has cast aside as worthless the only man able to pilot the ship of State amid the dangerous rocks that now surround it. "Those whom Jove wishes to destroy he first makes mad!"

RUSSIA.

A Berlin correspondent, under date of February 26, in the *Magdeburg Gazette*, states that disturbances had broken out in the Russian Capital, and that an attempt had been made on the Emperor's life.

We find the above, "solitary and alone," among the foreign news. It is not at all likely, though in such stirring times as these, the *unlikeliest* things are perhaps the *likeliest* to happen. We hope it may be true though—so far at least as the disturbances are concerned; for if the Emperor had his hands full at home, he would not be quite so ready on all occasions to lend a helping hand to tyranny elsewhere. And even the Russians are qualified for a less despotic government than they have at present.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

John Jacob Astor, the wealthiest man in the United States, died at New York, on Wednesday of last week, in the 85th year of his age. His death was the consequence of old age merely—his physical and mental powers having become exhausted—and was as quiet as an infant's.

The estate of Mr. Astor, which is said to amount to about eighteen millions of dollars, was acquired, [illegible] the United States in 17[illegible] education, not [illegible] to write grammatically or spell correctly, but he had a sound judgment and an indomitable [illegible]. When he arrived in this country, he had two flutes and a small [illegible] of merchandise. These he sold and invested the small proceeds in furs—and in the fur trade he continued, and in that made his fortune. The New York Herald says:

The increased value of real estate in this city, tended to swell his wealth. The advancement of New York, and this, as its immediate result, he from the first foresaw. Without himself mortgaging, he constantly invested in mortgages, and in case of foreclosure, would not unfrequently buy the property. It is impossible to speak in detail of his wealth, amidst which are vast tracts of land in Missouri, Wisconsin, Iowa, and other Western States, daily rising in value. The bulk is in this city, invested in real estate and mortgages. It is said that Mr. Astor has given $350,000 for a city library, the interest of which is to be expended in employing agents to purchase books, and in the erection of a building, the same not to exceed in cost $80,000. Mr. Astor has two sons—one Wm. B., and the other imbecile from his birth. One of his daughters, who died in 1846, at Paris, became the Countess of Rumpff, another who has also died, was married to Mr. Bristed, an author and clergyman, now residing at Bristol, Rhode Island.

Mr. Astor did not play at cards, or gamble, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, but was fond of smoking tobacco, reading and talking upon business matters. He rose early and went soon to bed, was stout and square built, over five feet nine inches in height, with a high, square forehead, and his features somewhat heavy. He was either very good tempered, or else had great command of his passions, for those who have seen him, when he had cause to be displeased, assure us that he was anything but violent in his disposition.

We have before us a number of his autograph letters, written on important subjects, at various periods. He wrote a wretched scrawl, setting spelling and grammar equally at defiance; and yet, the strong, masculine understanding of the man is visible in all of them. He wrote briefly, and to the purpose.

Mr. Astor was in the habit of converting two-thirds of his annual gains into real estate, not one foot of which did he ever mortgage. His income on a moderate estimate must have been of late, $1,000,000 a year, or $83,000 a month, which is about $20,730 a week; $2,964 a day, $123 an hour, and $2 a minute. A full account of his life, from the pen of Washington Irving, who is one of the administrators of his estate, is said to be in course of publication. Mr. Astor is alleged to have been very penurious. The Herald says that "he would, however, never object to subscribing for charitable objects, when solicited to do so; but would almost invariably insist upon having others subscribe first. He added immensely to his riches by purchases of State stocks, bonds and mortgages, &c., in the financial crisis of 1836 and '37. He was a willing purchaser of mortgages from their needy holders at less than their face; and when they became due he foreclosed them, and purchased the mortgaged property at the ruinous prices which ranged at that time. A few weeks before his death, he sent a hundred thousand dollars each to Mrs. Langdon and Mrs. Coles, for the purpose, as is supposed, of economy, and to keep them from troubling his executors."

The following description of the funeral, &c., is from a New York paper:—"The funeral took place in New York on Saturday afternoon. It was attended by six Episcopal clergymen, and the three family physicians of the deceased. The pall-bearers were—Washington Irving, David B. Ogden, Philip Hone, Judge Oakley, Sylvanus Miller, Ramsay Crooks, James G. King, James Gallatin, Isaac Bell, and Jacob B. Taylor.

"The coffin was of mahogany, sheeted within with lead, lined with fine white satin, and made perfectly air-tight. A small aperture and door over the face, allowed the latter to be distinctly seen through a pane of glass, which was soldered into the lead. Around this aperture was a border of heavy silver lace an inch wide, and the top of the coffin was surrounded with lace about an inch and a half wide, almost of solid silver. From this a massive silver fringe depended, of extremely rich workmanship. The exterior of the coffin was covered with black velvet, and large screws, apparently silver, were placed at intervals of an inch along all the joints to the number of about three hundred. The plate was of solid silver and bore merely the name, date of death, and age of the deceased, (84 years, 6 months, 12 days.)

"The procession, which was very large, marched to St. Thomas' Church, which was crowded with spectators, and there the full Episcopal burial service was performed."

Almost all of Mr. Astor's money goes to his relatives—the principal heir being his son, W. B. Astor. He left nothing for charitable purposes but the paltry $400,000 for the Library.

THE DIFFERENCE.

The French Revolution of 1790 was in a considerable degree a rising against the corruption of the Church, as well as of the State. A licentious and worldly-minded clergy had brought Religion itself into contempt. Neither philosophers or people made any distinction between the altar and the unworthy priests that ministered at the altar. It was proclaimed and sincerely believed, (as sincerely, we mean, as any such falsehood could be believed,) that there was no God, and that the soul was mortal as the body. "Sprinkle me with perfumes, crown me with flowers," said Mirabeau, as he lay upon his dying bed, "that I may thus enter upon *eternal sleep*."

Such was the sentiment of the Revolutionists of '90; the "Age of Reason" had come—superstition, which was to them but another name for religion, was no longer to rest like a heavy darkness upon the earth—man was to be free from all authority, even that of his God.

We do not feel bound to launch out into invectives against the errors of these men. For after all they were *men*, and their actions are to be accounted for on principles which have a reference to men, and not to fiends alone. The people of France had been ground down to the dust by a profligate nobility, and when they rose with one wild spring of rage, the stains of earth were upon their souls. The excesses of that period were not a "*righteous*" retribution, as some have termed them—but they were a *natural* retribution.

We did not intend, when we began, however, to go at length into this subject—we merely wished to refer particularly to one single fact, containing in itself the essence of long homilies upon the difference between the French of 1790 and 1848. It is told in the *Democratic Pacifique*. On taking the Tuileries the people found a magnificent image of Christ in sculpture. The people stopped and saluted it. "My friends," cried a pupil of the Polytechnic School, "*this is the Master of us all!*" The people took the Christ, and bore it solemnly to the Church of St. Roch. "Citizens, off with your hats. Salute Christ!" said the people; and everybody inclined respectfully towards it. Herein lies one great difference between the two revolutions. In 1790, the people crown a young girl and parade her through the streets of Paris, as the Goddess of Reason; in 1848, they bend respectfully, in the wild enthusiasm of the moment, before a statue of the great Teacher of the brotherhood of man. May not fifty years have wrought an equally great change in other respects in the French character? Let us hope so, until we can hope no longer. To prophesy evil of those who are contending for liberty, does not become the sons of America.

NAPOLEON'S PROPHECY.

During his imprisonment at St. Helena, Napoleon made to Las Cases the following prediction, part of which has been already fulfilled:

"In less than twenty-five years from the present time the whole European system will be changed. The French *will cast the Bourbons and their debts off*, as my Arabian steed would any stranger who would dare to mount him. Then, if my son be in existence, he will be seated on the throne amid the acclamations of the people; if he be not, *France will go back to a Republic*; for no other hand will dare to seize a sceptre which it cannot yield. The *Orleans branch*, though amiable, are too much like other Bourbons, *and will share the same fate*, if they do not choose to live as simple citizens under whatever changes take place. France once more a Republic, other countries will follow her example—Germans, Prussians, Poles, Italians, Danes, Swedes and Russians, will all join in the crusades for liberty."

THE MAMMOTH POST.

The cry throughout the country is no longer have you seen the "*Elephant*," but have you seen the Mammoth. This change in the popular cry is one indicative of good. The Elephant about seeing which so much was said, was an animal that delighted in bloody battle-fields, in death and carnage; the Mammoth, which weekly leaves No. 98 Chesnut street, for a swift tour through the Union, carries with it the treasures of literature and of science, the records of the daily progress of the world. We think all must grant that it is not only far pleasanter, but productive of much greater good, to see the Mammoth, than to see the Elephant.

HOW THEY FEEL.

The London Times gives the following picture of the state of the English mind at the present European crisis:

We are absolutely full of France, we half despair of Spain, we are sick of Portugal, we are curious about Rome, we sympathize with the Sicilians, we admire Tuscany, we are fearful for Sardinia, we pity Venice, we are divided about Switzerland, disgusted with Greece, diverted with Bavaria, and we enjoy the panic which pervades the smaller States of the Germanic Confederation.

AN AMERICAN'S OPINION.

George Sumner, of Boston, who is now in Paris, and who is a gentleman of good education and fine talents, writes home in hopeful words of the Revolution. He says that "the Assembly will probably adopt our Constitution; a President and two chambers." He adds, however, that the manner in which the first elections will pass off, may well inspire anxiety in a country where the great mass of the people have received no political education.

TENDER HEARTED.

Tender hearted people are sometimes very peculiar in the indulgence of their sympathies. There have we known a young lady of the Louisa Matilda school, to weep over the sufferings of some afflicted heroine of romance, and immediately afterwards turn a deaf ear to the pleadings of a young girl at the gate. Such apparent contradictions may be accounted for very philosophically, but [illegible] in the words of "Dead Stephens," "It's [illegible]"

One of the last instances of this kind we have noticed, is that of an American lady now in Paris, who was cut to the heart, "to see a set of penniless ragamuffins rioting in the midst of *gloves de [illegible]*, plate, satin, [illegible], &c., in the Tuileries." She seems to have had no sympathies for the "penniless ragamuffins," made such as they very probably were, by the despotic institutions under which they had been reared—no, all her sympathy was for the [illegible], the [illegible], the [illegible] and the Tuileries.

Another instance of the same character, is that of an American *gentleman*—it is a fact, dear reader, *American* gentleman—*whose blood boiled to see the King's carriage burnt*. Doubtless this same gentleman saw the people shot down by the soldiery, without his blood boiling in the least.

Well, it takes all kinds of people, we suppose, to make a world; but we are sorry to find any of quite so mean a kind, bearing the name of Americans.

MUSICAL FUND SOCIETY.

The concert of this Society on last Monday evening, was attended by a large and fashionable audience. Signora Biscaccianti was enthusiastically applauded—she sung with marvellous execution. Signor Vietti also gave great satisfaction—he resembles Benedetti in appearance, and sings very much in the same style. We liked him.

The Instrumental Pieces performed by the Orchestra of the Society, were Beethoven's Symphony, and Mendelssohn's Overture to the Midsummer Night's Dream. We are not qualified to judge how they were performed, but we know the first sounded grandly, and the second was most beautiful. One passage of the latter, especially, was entrancing.

The Marseilles Hymn, by Mons. Halma and a "chorus of gentlemen amateurs," was a failure. It had better not been sung at all, than sung so miserably. Besides, many of the gentlemen amateurs were laughing half the time. Mons. Halma was very far from laughing, and did his best—it was not his fault, but his misfortune, that he did not succeed better. The instrumental accompaniment was fine. The audience, to their shame, received the song coldly.

THE FRENCH CATHOLICS.

The Roman Catholic Church of France seems to have given in its adhesion to the new order of things. A manifesto from Count de Montalembert contains the following sentiments:

In the midst of all revolutions, the Church remains standing, immortal as truth, liberty and justice. Under the Republic, as under the Monarchy, we must defend, love and serve religious liberty. We ought, we can, and we will. We have for pledges of it, on the one side, the unanimous respect with which the victorious people treat religion; and on the other the firm resolution expressed by the Provisional Government to maintain the free exercise of all religions. We have, beside, the example of the United States; the French Republic cannot be less just, less liberal, less intelligent than the American one, particularly when the question relates to faith, conscience and family.

* * * * * *

They (the Catholics) will, therefore, descend into the arena, with all their fellow citizens, to lay claim to all political and social liberties which are to be henceforward the inalienable patrimony of France. They will descend into it to fulfil a sacred duty, a national duty, a Christian duty. They will place unlimited confidence in the impenetrable designs of God, will show an ardent love for their country, an imperishable devotedness to its glory and its happiness.

THE FRENCH BOYS.

A Paris correspondent of the N. Y. Herald, who says he speaks from personal observation, declares that Louis Philippe was deposed by boys from twelve to twenty years of age. If we understand him aright, he means that boys belonging to the middle classes headed the people; for he says shortly afterwards:—"Not a person of note has been concerned in leading these revolutionists; these boys, assisted by the laboring classes, and encouraged by the women, have chased Louis Philippe, backed by his 330,000 soldiers, and in spite of his fortifications, these are the powers that have chased him from the throne of France!"

We can well believe this, for we know that boys from 16 to 21 have always struck the first blow, and been the most active supporters of the riots in this city. Boys are bold and reckless,—men have families dependent upon them, and are more cautious. Still the boys would not dare to move, did they not know they were supported by the feelings, and in case of danger, by the strong arms of the men. In a flood it is the lightest materials that float at the head of the torrent—first come the straws and chips, then the heavy lumber.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

Even if Louis Philippe's property in France should be confiscated, which probably will be the case, he still will be one of the rich men of the earth. He is a holder of about $500,000 of the 5 per cent. bonds of Pennsylvania alone. He also owns large amounts of New York State and City Loans, and his real estate in the latter place is immensely valuable. At least five millions of dollars is supposed to be held by him in this country. Doubtless he also placed equally large amounts in European stocks. He seems to have invested monies in all the different governments upon earth, in order that he still might have something, in case of any event short of a universal wreck of nations. We think it probable that he has investments in China and Turkey, and even perhaps in South America, the South Sea Islands and Botany Bay—to say nothing of that Bank, which from late accounts, unlike other banks, increases its deposits and securities with every year of its existence, the great Bank of Newfoundland.

ROME.

There was a statement in one of the Marseilles journals of the 6th ult., to the effect that a *Constitution for Rome* would be promulgated on the first fortnight of March. Father Ventura, it was alleged, had published a plan of a Constitution, which, however, had not obtained the assent of public opinion. He proposed the establishment of a Chamber of Deputies and a Chamber of Peers, with this difference, that the latter should be composed of Cardinals only, and would only attend to religious affairs. In other terms, he desired but one chamber, properly speaking, for public business, when the experience of ages has proven the advantages, if not absolute necessity, of two. We have but little doubt that the people of Rome have by this time either received a Constitution, or a promise of one. We do not see how it can well be avoided—even if the Pope was the man (which we think he is not) to wish to avoid following the glorious examples set around him.

GIVING CREDIT.

Alexander's Messenger of last week, copies "The Iron Will," by Henry G. Lee, which story originally appeared in the Post, without giving us credit. Doubtless it was an oversight.

While we are upon the subject, we would respectfully request one or two of our country friends to be a little more careful in rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's. We are not very thin-skinned in this matter, but when papers continually forget to give us credit for what they take from our columns, it requires considerable charity to believe that the forgetfulness is not intentional. One thing we must say, however, that taking the press of the Union altogether, there is great fairness shown in this respect.

KISSINGS.

The editor of the Island City, in view of the late "lip-service" rendered to Mr. Clay by hosts of admiring ladies, and of an assertion made by a contemporary relative to Gough, the temperance lecturer, that "wherever he goes crowds hang upon his lips"—says with a proper degree of spirit, that it is time the conductors of the press stood up for the rights of editors to equal favors.

We go further than this, however. Editors should never allow themselves to be confounded with mere orators and statesmen—they should insist upon the liberty to take their pick. Indiscriminate kissing—fair and foul, rose-buds and nettles, sixteen and sixty—Pah!

WILL NOT ANSWER.

The Washington letter writer of the New York Herald, has been put in custody by the Senate, because he refuses to tell who gave him the treaty with Mexico, and thus violated the confidence of the Senate. Mr. Nugent, the gentleman in question, has exonerated the Senators and Secretary of State. We think the Senate is bound to do one of two things, either resolve to have no secrets, or else punish in the severest manner those who betray them. If the Senate allows its rules to be trifled with, as they have been now in two instances, it will become a laughing stock to the nation.

LEPROSY.

This foul disease which is generally supposed to be confined to the East, is now prevailing to some extent in the province of New Brunswick. The Lazaretto has received twenty-one lepers. The malady appears to have been developed in the remote descendants of persons from St. Maloes, Normandy, where it formerly prevailed. About forty cases have occurred. Minute inquiries show that the disease has been confined, almost exclusively, to persons connected by blood relationship. It is not contagious, but may be transmitted by inoculation.

IMPORTANT DECISION.

It has been decided in a Boston Court, in a case where entries of sales were first made by a clerk on a slate, and from it transcribed once a week, or oftener, by the proprietor of the store, that the said proprietor could not be permitted to swear to the correctness of his books. Traders, mechanics, &c. will please take notice.

EUROPEAN DEBTS.

The funded debts of France and England, valued at twelve hundred millions of English pounds sterling, sank in three days (so says the London Times) to a market value of eleven hundred millions—being a reduction in market value of one hundred millions of pounds sterling, or $480,000,000. If European affairs continue for many months in their present unsettled condition, there will be such a demand for American securities (European credits may now be properly termed *dis*-credits,) and such an influx of capital into the United States, that prices of stocks, &c., will rise in every direction. It is a capital joke—and something more, too—to think that after all the English talk about repudiation, the bonds of the American Republic are more certain to be punctually met, than those of any monarchical country on the globe—England not excepted.

THE ENGLISH REFORMERS.

We take from the London Dispatch, a leading radical journal, the following summary of the present demands of the Reform party in England:

The Ballot, Household Suffrage, Triennial Parliaments, the destruction of privileges, entails and Game Laws, the reform or abolition of the Chancery and Ecclesiastical Courts, the due assessment of the public burdens; these are our just demands and proved necessities. If we have now a chance of claiming them effectually, let us say with the French, "This time there must be no mistake."

Local Intelligence.

PROGRESS OF CRIME.

Morality seems to be progressing backwards at a fearful rate. There is another murder to record this week, of a wife by her husband—the particulars are brutal, and we care not to repeat them.

But a case of attempted abduction, which we find recorded in the columns of one of the dailies, is perhaps even a stronger evidence of the progress of crime—and we give the particulars of it, because many of our young women seem to be unaware of the danger of venturing into the streets at night, unattended. We are aware, however, that there are many cases where it cannot be avoided, and for the protection of all respectable females the police should be on duty early, and be vigilant. There have been other cases of a similar character lately which, from motives of delicacy to highly respectable ladies, have not been laid before the public. The following is the case alluded to:

About ten o'clock on Tuesday night of last week a young man was passing homewards in Marshall street, near Noble, when he heard a groan, and looking on the other side of the street, saw three men dragging along a female. He ran across, collared one and tripped him up. Another struck the young man a violent, and what would have probably been a mortal blow, with his bowie knife—but its point came against the watch in his vest, which it shattered to pieces. A scuffle ensued, when a door on the opposite side of the street was opened, and the scoundrels ran off, leaving the bowie knife behind them, which the young man picked up, and now has in his possession. The female was a young woman, employed in a store in the neighborhood, who was on her way home, when she was seized by the ruffians. Two of them held her arms behind her, while the third placed his hand over her mouth, to prevent her from giving the alarm. She was terribly agitated, and did not recognize either of them.

It is a little singular that the watch, which in all probability saved the young man's life, was generally carried in his fob. But a few moments before, hearing the city clock strike, he had pulled it out beneath a lamp, and in putting it back, placed it in his vest pocket. Such instances seem proofs of the ever watchful eye and constant care of Him, of whom it is said, "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without His notice."

THE HUTCHINSONS.

We went to hear the Hutchinsons the other night—they sing as sweetly as ever. While they do not always come up to our ideal, they seldom offend against good taste—they are remarkable for this. Abby sung "Jamie's on the stormy sea" in a manner to make tender-hearted young gentlemen wish they were her "Jamie"—she is a violet of a girl, with the dew of the morning still upon her.

One exception we must make, however, to "Jamie's on the stormy sea." We said above that the Hutchinsons *seldom* offend against good taste; we were about to say *never*, when we remembered this instance. The execution of the refrain "Jamie's on the stormy sea," is not in harmony with the sentiment. The singing and accompanying music is spirited and tumultuous, it should be exceedingly plaintive. If Abby's lover really were on the stormy sea, the tones of her voice would be low and plaintive as she told of it. The feeling of the maiden is not exultation, but mournfulness, that her lover is exposed to the perils of the deep.

The comic songs are admirably sung. Judson is a Yankee to the back bone, not omitting the nose. "Eight dollars a day" should be sung at Washington—we advise all our Congressional subscribers to go and hear it. It is such a gratification to hear the truth occasionally.

The dramatic songs, "The ship on fire," &c., are admirably delivered by one of the brothers, John, we believe—at least the one that has the best voice, whatever be his name.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 173—adults 76 and children 97.

Life in New York.

LETTERS FROM NEW YORK. NO. III.

New York, April 3, 1848.

Gentlemen—

By the bright heaven above us, blue and fresh and tender as the first violet in the woods—by the soft airs which bring us a tropic blessing from out the South—by the springing grass in public grounds and little plats on the sunny side of the streets—by birds and buds, and faces, where the caged soul sparkles out through the rigid lines graven by a worldly life,—*spring has come!* I have been looking for it, morning after morning, from my attic window, and the willow trees opposite do not know in their sappy comprehension, more exactly than I, how much their buds are expanded by each day's sunshine. Gazing out from my nest under the roof, the tall houses of the street enclose a charming tableau of the Hudson, and the blue Jersey Highlands. I can almost see the glittering caps of the waves; the shores are soft and dim in the warm air, and white, glancing sails glide across the picture. This is the gate by which I leave the wasting excitement of city life. The flash of a wave on the sail of some seaward-bound vessel, bears me out through the Narrows, on the broad blue ocean, and away to "summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea!"

A sunrise in the city is a beautiful sight, notwithstanding one misses the waving outline of distant woods against the sky, or the mingling tracery of nearer boughs, which gives such a charm to mornings in the country. Here we have tall spires, however, which catch the red rays on their golden crosses, and the light smoke-wreaths from a thousand chimnies take fantastic forms, as they rise tinted with the flush of the East. I witnessed such a scene a few days since. The quick *kindling* of the sky reminded me of those exquisite lines of an old English poet, which set Leigh Hunt in raptures:

> "Now the day begins to break,
> *And the light shoots like a streak*
> *Of subtle fire*;—the wind blows cold
> While the morning doth unfold."

Beautiful, is it not? Why do none of our multitudinous bards take council from this charming and even severe simplicity of description?

N. P. Willis, who, as you are aware, has been seriously ill for nearly three months, is convalescing with the approach of more genial weather. I hope he will soon be able to occupy his old editorial chair, when from the long rest of his pen, we may look for many a fresh and sparkling fancy from his inexhaustible storehouse.

The revolutionary spirit is still felt here in all its force. All nations who are represented among us, have made demonstrations of sympathy and hearty rejoicing for the good cause of Republicanism, and to-day there is to be a grand polyglot mass meeting in the Park, succeeded by an illumination. At the meeting of the Italian citizens on Friday night, Prof. E. Felix Foresti, who was a companion of Silvio Pellico in the prisons of the *Piombi*, at Venice, made one of the most eloquent addresses I have heard in a long time. His language was noble and elevated; and the rich, full cadences of the Italian, gave it almost the impassioned movement of poetry. The audience overflowed with enthusiasm, which vented itself in frantic exclamations of applause, when Professor Lacchi de Casali, at the close of his speech, pressed the tri-colored cockade of Italy to his lips, and tore in pieces and threw on the floor the portrait of the King of Naples.

I have been re-travelling some of my wanderings in Europe lately—by meeting with a young American, a fellow student in Heidelberg, who, however, had extended his pilgrimage to the North of Europe, and into the glowing Orient. I felt a double regret that Rome should have been my turning point, on hearing his account of Eastern adventure. In travelling from Gaza to the Nile, his party was three days on the hot desert without water, and he described most vividly their joy at seeing along the horizon the belt of living green which marked the termination of the sea of sand. After looking for weeks on its scorching waste, the plum-groves of Egypt shone with a splendor and gem-like transparency of hue, unlike any thing we dream of, unless it be the bowers of Paradise. Lowell must have had some such effect in his mind, when he wrote:

> "On a green spot in the desert,
> *Gleaming like an emerald star.*"

But it is of little use to dwell on such scenes, when one is cooped up in brick and mortar. These

[illegible] is enough, [illegible]

I understand that Alfred B. Street, the poet of Forest-life, has written a poem of considerable length, entitled "Frontenac, or the Atotarho of the Iroquois," which Bentley, the London publisher, will shortly give to the world. Those who have read it, speak of it in high terms, as teeming with the fresh forest spirit which marks all of Mr. Street's poetry.

"The Life and Writings of Cassius M. Clay," is the title of an octavo volume which will shortly be published by Messrs. Greeley & McElrath. It will embrace his letters, speeches and reviews, accompanied by a memoir from the pen of Horace Greeley, and a portrait. Mr. Clay's letters exhibit a power and eloquence of thought which have made them popular, even among his strongest opponents.

The Cole Gallery of Paintings and the Artists' Annual Exhibition opened on Saturday. I shall give you some account of them in my next.

J. D. T.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ONE DAY LATER.

The following news, contained in an extra of a London paper, dated Sunday, the 19th ult., though brought by the Caledonia, was for some reason kept back:

CHANGES OF THE ENGLISH CABINET.

Lord John Russell's resignation was positively decided upon on Saturday evening.

Dispatches announcing his contemplated resignation were forwarded to Dublin, the intelligence appearing in the Dublin papers.

Cabinet Councils were held in Downing Street on Saturday evening, and during the day Lord Palmerston held a conference with Mr. Bancroft, the U. S. Minister.

The Cabinet, it was understood, had under consideration important concessions to Ireland, and a considerable extension of the elective franchise in the United Kingdom was talked of.

Douglas Jerrold, immediately after his arrival at Paris, had an interview with Lamartine, who received him in the most cordial manner. It was reported that he had been commissioned to repair to Paris by a Committee of the Liberals of London.

London, Sunday, March 12.—The excited condition of the people in several parts of the metropolis, concurrently with the intelligence of collisions between the authorities and the masses in Glasgow, and the fears that similar scenes may be enacted in some of the manufacturing districts, following so rapidly as they have done, the sudden revolutionary change in the dynasty and the form of the Government in France have, indeed, paralyzed most severely the wholesale as well as the retail department of trade and industry since this day week. So apprehensive have many of our merchants and heads of manufacturing establishments been of plunder, that the sending forth of goods, whether by railroad or otherwise, has in many cases been delayed.

IMPORTANT FROM ALGERIA.

Algiers has been proclaimed by the Duc d'Aumale, one of Louis Philippe's sons, a part of the French Republic. The enthusiasm of the military at the reception of the news of the Revolution was very great. Prince de Joinville united with the Duc d'Aumale in giving in his adhesion to the Republic—as did their father before them.

FROM THE CONTINENT.

All was quiet at Brussels on the 9th of March.

Paris was perfectly tranquil on Friday afternoon; the Germans presented an address to the new Government on Thursday; the disorders in the South had terminated.

The latest accounts from Vienna left the Cabinet in Council; news of a general rising in Lombardy was looked for hourly. The successor of Prince Metternich had not been appointed.

The Spanish Chamber of Deputies, on the 3rd, voted on the first article of the bill relative to the extraordinary powers demanded by Ministers for the defence of the kingdom. The article was adopted by a vote of 162 to 54—majority for Ministers, 108. The second article was under discussion on the 4th. Madrid was tranquil.

AFFAIRS IN EUROPE.

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS.

IRELAND.

The old Rock of Cashel has fallen to the earth! How many thousands of Irishmen in America will be grieved to learn this. It fell on Tuesday, the 7th instant, after weathering the storms since the deluge. Great trouble has been occasioned by this event, especially as an alleged prophecy of St. Columbkille, that the Rock of Cashel would fall the same year in which a revolution would break out England, is spoken of by the mass of the poor people.

An address of congratulation to the French people was agreed to by the committee of the Repeal Association, who held an open meeting on the 6th, the Lord Mayor presiding. The attendance was immense, anticipating a reference to the French Revolution. The new Repeal journal—the United Irishman—contains extraordinary articles, inviting the people to arms, and showing how barricades can be erected, and also how telegraphs can be destroyed, railroads torn up, and a city street warfare carried on. Its editors ask those men who have not guns or pistols to sell their garments and purchase. The excitement produced in Ireland has been intense.

The address to the Irish people was agreed on, which thus concluded:—We are ready to forget party injuries for the sake of our country; in her service, humiliation, danger, sacrifice, or death are welcome when required. Whoever leads we follow—insisting that we march forward, though graves were to yawn and gibbets to be thrown across our path. Resolutions expressive of a desire to forget differences and to unite with all Repealers were brought forward and unanimously adopted. Mr. John O'Connell issued an address to the people, exhorting them against being led astray by designing demagogues on the approaching demonstration, preaching peace and moral force.

The County Corporation have voted addresses. Illuminations have taken place, with bonfires and rejoicings. General meetings are to take place in every parish—some were convened for the 17th of March, St. Patrick's Day.

A monster meeting was to have been held in Dublin the same day on the subject of the military wearing side-arms in the streets. All the military officers on leave are ordered to join their corps. A meeting of the citizens of Dublin was to have been held on the same day, March 17th. Mitchell, a republican and revolutionist, was voted a minister of the Committee by acclamation.

A special meeting of the Repeal Association was held; Wm. Smith O'Brien attended, to take immediate action on the glorious news from France.

A rumor was prevalent in Dublin, on the 9th, that the Privy Council had decided in suppressing or preventing the demonstration through Ireland on the 17th. No proclamation had been issued up to that day. It was daily looked for.

Mr. John O'Connell has sent in his adhesion to the republic.

RIOTS IN SCOTLAND.

Cheers for the revolution in Edinburgh on the 7th ult. Serious riot. A crowd assembled and demolished houses, thence marched through the streets; smashed over 1,000 lamps. Dragoons and local pensioners dispersed the mob, cutting off one man's nose, and hacking another's leg. Cheers for the French Republic in every quarter.

Sixty persons arrested at Glasgow. Eight or nine thousand persons paraded the streets, broke open baker, gunsmith and jeweller's shops, and all prominent warehouses for food, stealing watches, guns, &c. The local pensioners fired on the people, killing one and wounding others. On the 9th tranquility was partly restored. Mr. Alexander, who was shot on the 6th, died the next day, also the boy Campbell. At Manchester, (England,) there was also a formidable rising of the people.

SARDINIA.

War seems most imminent between the Sardinian States and Austria. King Charles Albert has quartered 60,000 troops on his frontiers, for a reconnoissance of Austrian manœuvres. The young men of Lombardy have offered their services as a military body to King Charles Albert, on condition that they be placed in front of any attack. On the 2d ult. martial law was declared in Milan, and from that moment the bankers of the city refused to accept Austrian bank notes, and protested against their currency.

AUSTRIA AND NAPLES.

There was a report current that the Austrians were marching 20,000 men to assist the King of Naples against the Sicilians, in consequence of which the English Admiral Parker, in the Hibernia, with the Trafalgar, Superb and Hecate, left Malta to prevent the troops crossing over to Sicily. The Rodney was sent to Corfu to cruise off the Adriatic, and the whole Mediterranean fleet, with every disposable steamer, were on the Sicilian and Italian coasts on the 12th of February.

Great agitation exists throughout the Austrian dominions. Milan had been placed under martial law, and the irritation which this and other arbitrary edicts of Prince Metternich has caused, increases in violence every hour. There has been a violent tumult at Bergamo, and disturbances in Venice. The Secretary of the Austrian Legation at Pesaro, has been assassinated.

The Grand Duke of Tuscany, has granted to the people a constitution, called the "*Fundamental Statute*," modelled on the plan of the late French charter. Belgium is tranquil.

BAVARIA.

Bavaria has become more tranquil, but a most serious movement took place at Munich on the 4th. The people demanded the immediate convocation of the Chambers, the liberty of the press, that the judicial trials should be public, that an electoral reform should be granted, and that the army should take an oath to observe the constitution. The King refused to convoke the Chambers before the end of May. A cry of "to arms" was raised throughout the city. It was announced that the new Minister, Prince Wrede, had called out the troops, and had promised the King that they should fire upon the people. The arsenal was attacked by the people, and captured after a short engagement. More than six thousand men, armed with muskets, sabres, hatchets, lances and halberts, marched against the Royal Palace.

Having arrived at the market place, the crowd met the troops; but neither the cuirassiers nor the troops of the line would charge when commanded to do so. Cries of "The Republic for ever," were raised. At length the King yielded to all the demands of the people. Prince Charles, the King's brother, rode up to the crowd, and assured them on his word of honor, that the King had consented to convoke the Chambers for the 16th of the present month, and that he granted all that the people desired. This declaration produced an excellent effect. Cries were raised in every direction of "Long live Prince Charles." The people then restored the arms to the arsenal, and afterwards dispersed quietly. A general arming throughout Bavaria is spoken of. The people demand loudly the convocation of a Parliament for all Germany. A petition to the King to that effect is being prepared, to which twenty thousand signatures are already attached.

At Hamburg a great panic prevails. Treasury bonds have fallen three per cent., and many disasters are dreaded. There had been repeated attempts to create disturbances but up to the departure of the steamer, the authorities had repressed such efforts, and the town may be said to be quiet, although beneath the surface there was deep dissatisfaction.

GERMANY.

Germany is advancing towards a great reform, and according to the Cologne Gazette, "will and must be raised to the degree which appertains to it among the States of Europe." The Diet is now called upon to exercise the powers of a vigorous, intelligent and united government; and whatever may be the effect upon some of the minor German States, we may hope for the consolidation of that "Federal Union" of Germany which is now fast ripening into national identity. On the 3d ult., Cologne was in a disturbed state. The Town Council were sitting in deliberation, when a large crowd assembled and demanded:—

1st. Universal suffrage; all legislation and government to proceed from the people.
2d. Liberty of the press and freedom of speech.
3d. Abolition of the standing army, and armament of the people,—who are to elect their own officers.
4th. Full right of public meeting.
5th. Protection to labor and a guarantee for the supply of all necessaries.
6th. State education for all children.

For some time the Town Council were held prisoners by the mob, until the military were called out, who, however, cleared the square, and took prisoner one of the most active of the mob. It is believed that most of the changes demanded will be conceded; but I hope the government will not imitate the French by promising and attempting impossibilities. The Duchess of Orleans has arrived at Ems with her two sons, the Count de Paris and the Duke de Chartres. She will probably remain there.

RUSSIA.

Russia is concentrating considerable forces on the frontiers of Austria. Prince Paskewitch is to command them; but it is supposed that it will be found very difficult to supply 60,000 men with provisions, as a famine at present prevails in the circles of Poland, Upper Silesia and Gallicia.

HOLLAND.

The effect of the news was most disastrous at Amsterdam. Four or five heavy failures were announced of firms engaged as bankers and exchange dealers, among whom are M. de Costa, M. de Leon & Co., and Wessen, Dross & Co., besides several small failures of dealers in the stock market. The failure of Scearth & Schellwell, bankers in Amsterdam, who were agents for such wealthy firms as Rothschild, Hope and others, excited great attention.

Our letter from Holland is written in the most gloomy terms. At Hamburg, business was much disturbed, and popular movements, demanding reform, took place.

Brussels was greatly disturbed on hearing the news of the revolution. Summary means were taken to suppress popular malcontents.

EXCITEMENT IN SPAIN.

The Ministers convened at once in Madrid on hearing the news. At the request of the Queen Mother an escort was despatched to invite the Duke and Duchess de Montpensier. Queen Christina was so much affected by the news that it was found necessary to bleed her. It is also said that she had had an audience with Mr. Bulwer. The garrison of Madrid were kept under arms. The guard sentries doubled, and it was said that 50,000 of an army of observation had been ordered to the Pyrenees. The Government Journals were forbidden to speak of events in Paris. All the papers and correspondence which reached Madrid on the 29th was stopped.

Still enough was allowed to ooze out to show that something extraordinary had happened. The Court balls were stopped, and Queen Christina was taken to her bed. The progressista leaders in the Cortes were preparing to resist, and extraordinary powers were demanded by Narvaez.—The Committee of Congress had reported in favor of them.

National Affairs.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

Washington, April 3rd, 1848.

Gentlemen:—We are having delightful weather at the Metropolis. "The South wind blows;" a rich warm sunlight quickens into life the fresh starting foliage; a soft delicious haze has settled over the "seven hills," and the city of magnificent distances seems to be taking an afternoon's siesta in the drowsy atmosphere. Aside from political ferment Washington is perhaps the dullest city in the Union. It has none of the life and bustle of a manufacturing or commercial city; no crowded thoroughfares; no lumbered side-walks; no drays; no news-boys, crying:—"Ere's the Ledger! Tribune! Herald!—Arrival of the steamship!—Great battle in Mexico, and all about the late horrible murder!!"—no buzz of machinery; no business-men, hurrying through the streets—in short, none of the appurtenances of a great living city.

At present, the only indication of vitality in the city, is exhibited upon Ninth Street, where a huge mass of brick is going up for the "use and behoof" of the Smithsonian Institute. This building is located in that part of the city called "the Island," (separated from the city proper by a canal) and like the Patent Office, enjoys a very commanding position by being situated directly at the head of a street. It is built in the style of the twelfth century—the Norman or Lombard style that preceded the Gothic. It is intended to comprise a picture gallery, 125 feet in length; two lecture rooms, the largest of which shall be capable of containing one thousand persons; a library, ninety feet by fifty, calculated for a library of at least one hundred thousand volumes; and a museum, which is to be two hundred feet by fifty. The museum will, probably, in the course of time, be the most extensive of any in the country. The interesting collection of the South Sea Exploring Expedition, which is at present in the hall of the National Institute, will constitute a nucleus for future collections; and the several articles belonging to the Government of the United States, together with the chemical laboratory, minerals, books, manuscripts, and other property of James Smithson, now deposited in the same hall, will give additional interest to the new museum.

The building will not be ready so that the Institution can go into full operation for a year or two. In the meantime, however, it will not remain idle. Books are to be collected, treatises published and lectures delivered at the Capitol, or some other place, until the lecture-rooms of the Institution are ready for use.

Its first publications are:—a Pamphlet published under the care of Professor Henry, containing a list of the occultations of stars visible in the United States during the present year; and an interesting work upon the Indian Antiquities of the West.

The clause in the Will of the donor by which this large property (over $515,000) was devoted to the purposes specified, is very brief. It runs as follows:—

"In case of the death of my said nephew without leaving a child or children, or of the death of the child or children he may have had under the age of twenty-one years or intestate, I then bequeath the whole of my property, subject to the annuity of one hundred pounds to John Fitall, and for the security and payment of which I mean stock to remain in this country, to the United States of America, to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men."

In order to carry out the design of the donor the Committee appointed for the purpose of digesting a plan for that object, recommend that premiums be annually offered for original papers; that popular publications upon the plan of the "Scientific Tracts" and "Penny Magazine," shall be issued for general diffusion, and that courses of free lectures be delivered during the session of Congress—by the ablest lecturers that can be obtained. Twenty thousand dollars has for the present been appropriated for the purchase of books, and the gradual fitting up of a library—and four thousand dollars is for the purchase of philosophical and chemical apparatus, models, etc.

All-Fool's-Day passed here with more than ordinary spirit. Many were the "green ones," that stooped to pick up imaginary sixpences; many were the letters that, on being opened, presented to the gaze of the vexed possessor only *two* magic words. Many were the marble eggs that wouldn't crack; many were the parsnep-candles that wouldn't light; and many were the gulled ones that would have "profaned" worse than ever "our army did in Flanders," only it was the first of April, and by unanimous consent, (or sufferance at least,) the boys on that day have license "to blow on whom they please."

The "congratulation" meeting of the Repeal confederation on Tuesday evening last, was of the most enthusiastic description. Eloquent speeches were made by G. W. P. Curtis, Senators Hannegan, Cass and Allen; Hon. Mr. Barringer, of N. Carolina; Stewart, of Pennsylvania; Cabell, of Florida; Tompkins, of Mississippi; Judge Reed, of Cincinnati, and Walter Lennox, Esq., of this city. There is another meeting for the same purpose, called this evening, by members of the press now in this city. W. W. Seaton, Esq., Mayor of the city, is to take the Chair.

A meeting also is called at Jackson Hall, to make arrangements for giving M. Tracy, the new French Minister, a fitting reception when he arrives. Meantime, the Irish residents in Washington, are looking for the arrival of the next steamer with intense anxiety, in the expectation that there was a general rising throughout Ireland on St. Patrick's day.

Every one is more or less touched by the prevailing fever, and the soberest-minded of our citizens expect that a batch of some forty or fifty Republics will spring up in the old world in the course of the present month. As "father Ritchie" says—"*vous verrons.*"

N.

☞ It is curious that Shakspeare, though giving us Goochs, Romans, Indians, Moors, Egyptians, Germans, French, Italians, English, Welsh and Scotch, is no instance introduces, throughout his plays, an Irishman.

LATEST NEWS!

FROM MEXICO.

THE COURT MARTIAL.

The New Orleans papers have received dates from Vera Cruz to the 20th ult., and from the Capital to the 20th.

A renewal of the difficulties between Generals Scott and Worth had taken place. Mr. Trist had been retained at the Capital as a witness against General Scott, but will leave for the United States when the Court of Inquiry adjourns.

Gen. Twiggs and a number of other officers have arrived at New Orleans.

Col. Henry Wilson has succeeded Gen. Twiggs as Governor of Vera Cruz.

No more supplies than are necessary are to be sent to the interior, in view of the immediate withdrawal of the troops.

The Court of Inquiry commenced its sessions at the Palace, on the 16th. The next day, after a short private session, the Court announced that it would proceed with its deliberations. Gen. Scott asked what persons were accused, by what parties, and what subjects were to be investigated. The order for assembling the Court was then read; it requires the investigation of the charges preferred by Gen. Scott against Gen. Pillow and Duncan; also, the complaints of Gen. Worth against Gen. Scott, and designate the time and place of meeting, and the other preliminaries.

Gen. Scott said that he desired all the parties interested should be present, particularly Col. Duncan, as his remarks would concern him. He also inquired whether any other persons were embraced in the order as accused parties. The Court, after deliberating privately for half an hour, replied that no other parties were accused. Gen. Scott made a short speech, in which he spoke feelingly of his having been converted into a prisoner at large, while at a distance from his country, struck down from his high command, and found himself placed as chief criminal, and the accused become the accusers.

The President said that the remarks must not infringe the rules of the order convening the Court. Gen. Scott then resumed, and on the conclusion of his speech the Court adjourned.

The next day the President Judge expressed his readiness to investigate the charges of Gen. Worth. Gen. Scott said he was ready to listen to whatever charges had been made against him.

The Judges then read a letter from Gen. Worth, stating that for the welfare of the service, he wished to withdraw the accusation made in his appeal against Gen. Scott.

After this had been read, the doors were closed, and when re-opened the Judge announced the determination to suspend proceedings.

Gen. Scott then requested the Court to proceed in the case of Col. Duncan. Thereupon the Court organised for the investigation of the case. Gen. Scott insisted upon the reading of the documents relating to the charge against Col. Duncan. This the Court refused.

Gen. Pillow expressed the determination to vindicate himself if the Court ordered the charges preferred by Gen. Scott for trial.

The next day it was decided to take up the accusations preferred against Col. Duncan by Gen. Scott. Two charges were embraced in the accusation. The first was a violation of the Army Regulations, which prohibited the publication of letters in relation to military operations, and the second was in consequence of some facts asserted by Duncan in letters written by him and his answers to the charges.

Gen. Scott then withdrew his accusation against Duncan.

Gen. Pillow stated that he would reply to the accusations of Gen. Scott.

The steamer Palmetto was wrecked near Alvarado, on the 25th.

The Free American of the 17th, announces that Santa Anna had applied to General Twiggs for permission to pass through Vera Cruz, in order to leave the country, and that his request had been granted.

A number of resignations have taken place in the army since the armistice.

The officers detailed upon the Court Martial for the trial of General Scott reached the Capital about the 15th.

The North American, of the 10th, gives accounts of a revolution having taken place in Guatemala in opposition to the present Government and to peace, and in favor of Santa Anna.

General Lane is about returning to the United States, in consequence of the recent floods of the Ohio River having inundated his plantation, causing great damage.

FROM NEW MEXICO.

We have advices from Santa Fe to the 18th of February.

On the 13th, a rumor had reached Santa Fe, that Colonel Bowles had been attacked at Cicira, by 4,000 Mexicans, and had lost ninety men. Gen. Pierce, with 500 men, marched promptly to his relief.

The late arrival does not particularly confirm this, but says General Pierce was at El Paso, advancing upon Chihuahua with fifteen hundred men.

It was rumored that Gen. Urrea was marching against Chihuahua by the way of Sonora, with a large force, but this is doubtful.

The route from Santa Fe is much impeded by snow, and the recent returning party have lost many mules.

REMARKABLE, IF TRUE.

We find the following in one of our exchanges:

A Remarkable Phenomenon.—A phenomenon of a remarkable nature occurred in the Niagara river on Wednesday night week. At Black Rock the water fell during the night *three feet* lower than it was ever known to be before, and during the succeeding day rose only about six inches. At the Falls, also, as we learn from the Buffalo Express, the water was unprecedently low. A correspondent of that paper says the Falls could only be compared to a mere mill dam at ten o'clock on Thursday morning.

It is rather singular that such "remarkable phenomena" are almost certain to happen about the First of April.

A TOWN DESTROYED.

The following is taken from the Nassau Gazette of March 4. It is to be hoped it is without foundation:

We have received a report by way of Turk's Island, to the effect that the town of Port-au-Prince has been destroyed by the falling of the high mountains under which the town was built. We have not been able to glean any particulars of the catastrophe, except that abundance of rain had been falling for some time previously, which had had the effect of loosening the earth—many of the inhabitants have, in consequence, gone over to Turk's Island.

FROM WASHINGTON.

A communication dated April 3d, says:

The District Court will issue a writ of habeas corpus to-morrow, in the case of Mr. Nugent, the correspondent of the New York Herald, to test the justice of the imprisonment imposed by the Senate.

General Shields left the city this morning, *en route* for Tampico, where he is to act as Governor. It is rumored that he has been nominated as Major General.

The Hon. Mr. Black, a member of the House from South Carolina, is not expected to live from day to day.

CALIFORNIA.

At the latest advices, things were by no means tranquil in California. Col. Stevenson was daily expecting an attack, and various small parties of American troops were menaced. Insubordination was rife in the California regiment—licentiousness, drunkenness and excesses of every kind prevailed. Two officers had been put under arrest.

CONNECTICUT ELECTION.

The returns from Connecticut *indicate* a Whig triumph. The whole Whig State ticket is probably elected. Three Senators and five or six Sheriffs; and an increased majority in the Senate and Assembly, which secures Whig U. S. Senators. The vote is very large.

New Publications.

The Bloomingdale Asylum. The twenty-seventh annual report of this asylum for the insane is before us—Pliny Earle, M. D., Physician to the Asylum, is the author. It gives a history of the institution for the past year; and a statement of the treatment pursued towards the inmates—which is of course mild and humane, exercise of the body, moderate employment of the mind, and kindness, being the best remedies yet discovered for "a mind diseased." To the Report is added a very full Meteorological Register. The Asylum is about seven miles from New York City.

Old Hicks, the Guide; or, Adventures in the Camanche Country in Search of a Gold Mine. *By Charles W. Webber. New York: Harper & Brothers.* We have not read a great deal in this work, but from the portions we have read at random through the book, we should pronounce it an intensely interesting and fascinating story of adventures. It is published in two parts, at thirty-seven and a half cents each. For sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.*

A Catalogue. *Messrs. Carey & Hart* have issued a Catalogue of Ancient and Modern Books, including valuable and interesting works in the English and Foreign languages, in history, biography, poetry, &c., being a selection from the extensive stock for sale by them at No. 126 Chesnut street, Philadelphia. Almost anything in the book line can be supplied by *Messrs. Carey & Hart*, who have one of the largest book-selling establishments in this city.

The Thousand and One Nights. Harper & Brothers have commenced the publication, in numbers, of an illustrated edition of the famed Arabian Nights' Entertainments. The work will be completed in twelve numbers, and contain in all about six hundred engravings. The plates in the first number, which is before us, are very good. For sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.*

Posthumous Works of the Rev. Thomas Chalmers. The second volume of Dr. Chalmers's posthumous works has been published by Harper & Brothers. It consists of daily Scripture readings from Judges to Job. For sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.*

The Military Life of [illegible], Duke of Marlborough. *By Archibald Alison, F. R. S., author of "The History of Europe." New York: Harper & Brothers.* The name of Alison is a sufficient guarantee that the work before us is written with ability and a careful attention to facts. The account of the numerous great battles in which this wonderful military genius [illegible] illustrated by [illegible] plans. The book is published in good style, being illustrated with [illegible] portraits of the great Duke. For sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.*

The Mystery of Godliness. This is a collection of Sermons by Samuel A. Southard, A. M., Rector of Calvary Church, New York, composed consecutively and with reference to one end. The author says: "They are designed to be an humble plea in behalf of the doctrine of the Incarnation of the Son of God, and of His wisdom, manifested in the plan of our salvation." For sale by *G. B. Zieber, 149 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.*

The History of Ten Years, 1830—1840, or, France Under Louis Philippe. *By Louis Blanc. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* This work appears just in the nick of time. Every body will want to read it, and every body who is determined to know what's what, will read it.

Littell's Living Age. No. 201 of the Age is occupied with an investigation of the right of discovery to the Letheon—Dr. Morton's claims are advocated. No. 200 contains articles from the British magazines upon various subjects. For sale by *G. B. Zieber & Co., Philada.*

The Spectre of the Bastile. This is a translation from the French by Madame de Saxon. We are unable to speak positively as to its merits. Published by *Williams Brothers, New York.* For sale by *A. Winch, Phila.* *Price 25 cts.*

Music. We have received "The Chickering Waltzes," and "Boston Polka," from the author. They are published by *T. B. Mason, Cincinnati*, and can probably be had at any of the Philadelphia music stores. *Price 37½ cents.*

Comstock's Prophetic Magazine. Comstock, for April, is as undecipherable as ever. We can only make out that Comstock "has a rod in pickle" for the Literary World, and that he calls Wright's Casket a "*lord paper.*"

The Lost Children. This is the title of a Temperance tale, written by Mr. Arthur. It originally appeared in a New York paper. Published and for sale by *Oliver & Brothers, N. Y.*

Public and Private History of the Popes of Rome. No. 3 of this work has been issued. For sale by *T. B. Peterson, No. 98 Chesnut St., Philadelphia.*

Miscellaneous.

JEFFERSON'S "BOOK OF KINGS."

"Louis XVI. was a fool of my own knowledge, and in despite of the answers made for him on his trial. The King of Spain was a fool; and of Naples the same. They passed their lives in hunting, and despatched two couriers a week one thousand miles, to let each other know what game they had killed the last preceding days. The King of Sardinia was a fool. All these were Bourbons. The Queen of Portugal, a Braganza, was an idiot by nature, and so was the King of Denmark.—Their sons, as Regents, exercised the powers of government. The King of Prussia, the successor of the great Frederick, was a mere hog in body as well as in mind. Gustavus of Sweden, and Joseph of Austria, were really crazy, and George of England was in a strait waistcoat. There remained then none but old Catherine, of Russia, who had been too lately picked up to have lost her common sense. In this state Bonaparte found Europe, and it was this state of its rulers which lost it with scarce a struggle. The animals had become without mind and powerless, and so will every hereditary monarch be after a few generations.

"And so endeth the Book of Kings, from all of whom the Lord deliver us."

FRENCH ENTHUSIASM.

The following dialogue was overheard in the street on Monday last. One of the characters was a little Frenchman who had just heard the glorious news from France, and the other an Irishman.

"Ah, sare—I am so 'appy!" said the Frenchman, rubbing his hands.

"By the powers, I see that. Give us a shake of your fist," replied the Irishman. "And, what makes yer so happy?"

"Ah!—ma belle France is free—and shall live wis de grand republique. Ah—I am so 'appy! How is your charming littel daughtere?"

"Och!—and bad luck till ye, and hasn't she been dead this six months?"

"Oui—oui—ah, I am so 'appy!"—*Baltimore Enterprise.*

☞ "Well, Sambo, is your master a good farmer?" "Oh, yes, he is a berry good farmer—he makes two crops in one year." "How is that, Sambo?" "Why, he sell all his hay in de fall, and make money once; den in de spring he sell all de hides ob de cattle dat die for de want ob de hay, and make money twice."

☞ An individual, as he was passing along the streets of London, was accosted by a stranger with the question, "Did you ever thank God for the use of your reason?" "No," was the reply, "I never thought of doing *it*." "Well, do it quickly," rejoined the stranger, "for I have lost mine."

Clippings.

☞ A lady once consulted her humorous confessor for permission to use rouge. "Some condemn it," said he, "and others approve it. I will take a middle course and allow you to use it on one cheek."

☞ Life is a vast railway train, in which we are all compulsory passengers. On the outside is written:—"*No stoppage by the way.*" We get in at the cradle; and we are put down at the grave; we have just time to change clothes in the transit.

☞ The model artists are said to *out-strip* all competition.

☞ Never tell a man he's a fool; in the first place, he won't believe you, in the next, you make him your enemy.

☞ A man should never wear a ring at all, unless he be an opera singer or a barber.

☞ "John, how I do wish it was as fashionable to trade wives, as it is horses." "Why, Dutch?" "I'd cheat some body most shocking bad before night."

☞ Tame wolves are now used as lap-dogs by the ladies out west.

☞ Our time should be thus distributed:—*Eight hours' rest—eight hours' application to our engagements, studies, worldly duties, and the remaining eight to health and recreation.* This is a good division when practicable.

☞ "A man has just arrived at Madrid, whose body bullets cannot enter. He proposes being publicly shot at by the soldiers of the garrison; and if this be not permitted, he will shoot himself by means of a machine which will let off several muskets at the same time. This strange fellow is said to have invented a garment of a tissue which will resist any bullet."

☞ "Grammar class stand up—parse locomotive." "Please, sir, we can't." "Why not?" "Because we can't catch up to it." "School dismissed—for flogging—Can't catch up to it! We'll see if a little rattan won't help you."

☞ "I say, mister, how came your eyes so all-fired crooked?" "My eyes?" "Yes." "By sitting between two gals and trying to make look-love to both at the same time."

☞ "First class in Natural History stand up. Where does the sun set?" "He sets in the West, sir." "What does he set in the West for?" "To hatch out a fresh day." "Smart boy—go pump on your head to keep your nose from bleeding."

☞ Why is a man poking a wood-fire like a rum-seller? Because he *stirs the brand-ee punches.*

☞ One of the female inmates of the State Lunatic Asylum, at Utica, New York, is reported to have become insane from the excessive use of snuff.

☞ The Milford Mirror says:—"It is a favorite amusement with the Cape Cod girls to slide down hill on a cod fish. Many a time have we witnessed them indulging in this wholesome and pleasant recreation."

☞ The applications for divorce are so numerous in Wisconsin, that it has been suggested that all married people who don't want to be divorced, should signify the same to the Legislature, and then a general law be passed divorcing every body else!

☞ Out of eighteen Grand Jurors from Montreal, Canada, ten *made their mark*—they cannot write.

☞ An old bachelor, who edits a paper somewhere in the Western country, puts "Melancholy Accidents" over the head of marriages.

☞ A large glass of water, sipped ten drops at a time, in perfect silence, till the whole be taken, is a convenient cure for a person in a passion.

☞ Speaking without thinking is shooting without taking aim.

☞ In our life and love there is but one springtime—the violets and forget-me-nots bloom but once.

☞ There is a Democrat in New Orleans with whom the "two-thirds rule" is such a favorite measure, that whenever himself and wife have three eggs for breakfast, he invariably chooses two of them.

☞ It has been remarked that May, June, and July, are the months in which most suicides are committed in France.

☞ It is less pain to learn in youth, than to be ignorant in age.

☞ A fellow wishing admission to a show, demanded a ticket at half price, giving as a reason that he could see with only one eye!

☞ "Of many evils, choose the least," as Tom Thumb's wife said when she preferred him before all other men.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Saturday Afternoon, April 1, 1848.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The canals being all open, and in fine navigable order, supplies from the interior [illegible]. Sales of [illegible] at $5,87½a6, and [illegible] per barrel. [illegible] Corn Meal—[illegible] Pennsylvania at $2,50, and [illegible] inferior and [illegible] Western at $1,37½ per bbl.

GRAIN.—The Pennsylvania canals being now open, supplies of Wheat are beginning to come in, and meet with a fair demand—we note sales of 15,000 bushels good Pennsylvania and Southern at $1,35a1,36 for red, $1,37a1,38 for mixed, and $1,40 for white per bushel. Rye—Sales of 2000 bushels at 80a84c for Pennsylvania, and 76 for Southern. Corn—The receipts have been large this week, and the demand has been active—sales of 30a40,000 bushels Southern and Pennsylvania, [illegible]. Oats continue dull—sales of 4000 bushels Southern at 37a38c.

PROVISIONS.—Western Pork has further declined in price, and the demand has improved—sales of 1500 bbls at $9,50a9,75 for Mess, and $8a8,50 for Prime per bbl. Beef—150 bbls. City packed sold at $11,50a12. Bacon continues in moderate demand, with sales of 3 a400 casks and bbls in pickle at 6a7c for Hams, 4a5 for Sides, and 3½a3¾ for Shoulders; sales of City and Western cured Hams at 9a10c; Sides at 6a6½, and Shoulders at 4a5 cts. Lard has also been in demand, with sales of 4000 bbls and kegs at 7a7½c. Butter continues scarce. Cheese—Sales to some extent at 7a8c.

BARK.—Quercitron having further declined in price, buyers have come forward more freely, and 250 hhds sold at $30 and $31 per ton for 1st quality No. 1 and 2, and other grades in proportion.

BEESWAX.—Demand limited, with light receipts. A sale of 1100 lbs good yellow at 23½c.

BREAD.—We quote Crackers at 5½c. Pilot Bread at 4½, and Navy at 3½c per lb.

CANDLES.—Sperm are steady at 29a30c per pound, with sales of 400 bxs. Tallow sell at 10a11 cents for Mould, and 9a10 for Dipt.

COAL.—The market continues quiet, and only a limited business is going forward for shipment at $3,37½ a3,50 for White Ash Lump, and $3,50a3,75 for Broken and Screened, delivered on board. Lehigh, at Bristol, $3,75a3,87½ per ton. Supplies of Bituminous come forward slowly, and sales of Allegheny have been made at 21c per bushel.

COFFEE.—The demand has been good this week, and prices are steady. We note sales of 3000 bags Rio at 7¼a7½c; 1000 Porto Cabello at 7a7½, and 300 St. Domingo at 6c, all 4 mos. A cargo of the latter description is being landed to-day.

COPPER.—Sheathing is held at 22½c, 6 mos.

COTTON.—The continuance of unfavorable advices from Europe, and the increased supplies brought forward, have tended to materially depress the market, and prices are ½a¾c per lb—the sales including 675 bales Upland and New Orleans, at our quotations:

	Upland.	N. O. & Ala.
Middling,	7¼ a 7½	7½ a 7¾
Middling Fair,	7½ a 8¼	8 a 8½
Fair,	8½ a 8¾	8¾ a 9

DOMESTIC GOODS.—Business continues very active, and prices are quite steady.

FISH.—The supplies of Mackerel are increasing, but with an improving demand, prices are well supported—sales of 1500 bbls at $9a9,75 for No. 1; $6,50 a7,25 for No. 2, and $4a5,50 for No. 3, including Halifax and Massachusetts inspection.

FEATHERS.—Good Western continue in demand, and nearly 20,000 lbs sold at 30a30c.

GINSENG.—Further small sales of good Crude at 29 a30c per lb.

HEMP.—A sale of 50 bales good Dew Rotted on terms not reported.

HIDES.—About 2700 Angostura sold, supposed at former rates.

HOPS.—Small sales at 5a8c per lb.

LATHS.—Further sales of Eastern at $1,50 per M.

LEAD.—Prices are unchanged. About 3500 pigs sold at 4½c, 6 mos.

LUMBER.—Supplies by canal are arriving freely, but the demand is yet limited. Cargo sales of Caroline Flooring Boards at $15a16 per M.

MOLASSES.—The demand is moderate. We note sales of hhds Matanzas at 19a19½c, 250 do Trinidad at a price not stated, and 300 bbls New Orleans at 27½c, all 4 mos.

NAVAL STORES.—Market quiet. Sales of 500 bbls common Rosin at 80c and soap makers' at $1 37½ a1,50 per bbl. Sales of Tar at $1,75a2, and Pitch at $1. Spirits of Turpentine has been sold to some extent at 30a30c.

OILS.—Linseed has been dull of sale at 63a64c. For Sperm and Whale the demand has been moderate, without change in prices.

RICE.—The market is nearly bare.

SALT.—An invoice of 909 sacks Liverpool Fine sold at a price kept secret.

SEEDS.—The price of Cloverseed has not varied, and about 1200 bushels have changed hands at $3,62½a 4,12½, as in quality. Flaxseed is scarce at $1,45a1,46 per bushel.

SPIRITS.—Prices of French Brandy are firm, with increased receipts; we note sales of 175 pipes on landing at $1,25a1,35 for Bordeaux, $1,60a1,60 for Rochelle, and $2,50a2,75 for old Cogniac. Gin sells at $1,35 per gallon. N. E. Rum is dull at 29a30 cts. Whiskey—Sales in hhds at 21a21½c; 400 bbls sold at 22a22½c.

SUGARS.—The receipts of New Orleans have again been large, the market has been dull and depressed, and several parcels have been placed in store. Sales of 450 hhds New Orleans at 4½a5½c, and 150 do Porto Rico at 5a6c, 4 mos. The receipts of Box Sugar have been large, but no sales of magnitude have yet transpired.

TOBACCO.—A moderate demand exists for Kentucky at former rates.

WOOL.—We hear of no variation in the market this week.—*Bick. Reporter.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

The following were the closing prices of stocks on Monday last:

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S 6s '67	101½	104	Mechanics'	26½	26¾
" '62	102	—	Schuylkill	24	—
" '56	102	102½	P Township	29	—
U S Tr N 6s	104½	104¾	Girard	11½	11¾
Phila 6s	99	—	Miners' Bank	—	45
County 5s	79	—	Trenton Bkg Co	[illegible]	—
Penna 6s	64	65	M & M. Phila	48	—
" 5s	73½	73½	Com. Comm	25	—
Tennessee 6s	—	74	Louisville	99	—
Cincinnati 6s	—	90	Kentucky Bk	77	78
Texas T Notes	10	11	Northern	98½	99
" 5s	—	21	Union, Tenn	43½	44
U S Bk Notes	—	50	Planters, Tenn	45	45
Schuyl N 5s	20	—	Vicksburg	9	11
" 6s '36	—	43½	N O Canal	70	—
" '35	—	45	N O Gas Bk	118	120
" '38	44½	45½	Schuyl Nav	17	17
Lehigh N 6s	61	60	Lehigh Nav	52	54
" M 6s	63	65	C & Del Ch	64	67
" Coal scr	53	56	Morris Cl	11½	11¾
C & Del'l 6s	79	79	Penn & Ohio Cl	—	28
C & Am R 6s	95	—	Union Cl	11½	11½
Susquch Cl 6s	54	57	Cam & Am R	—	146
Harrisburg R 6s	7½	80	Susquch Cl	13	14½
Wil R 6s	79	—	Norristown R	72	72½
Read R 6s '20	37½	50	Harrisburg R	35	36
U S Bk Shares	3½	3½	Wilmington R	25	27
Penna Bk	—	270½	Reading R	19½	20
Philadelphia	130½	—	Plem Copper	7½	8
Far & Mecha	32½	32½	N J Copper	2½	—
Commercial	—	51½	Neshanic Cop	½	1½

There is a continued activity in Freights at New York, and the tendency of rates is upward. There is also much more animation in freights in this city and considerable shipments of breadstuffs are making.—This is well for the farmer and well for the country.—*Ledger.*

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, April 3.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week numbered about 1100 head, and of these about 400 were driven to New York. Beeves are selling from $6,25 to 7,25 per 100 lbs. Cows as follows: $25 to 35 for fresh, $14 to 25 for springers, $8 to 14 for dry. Hogs from $6 to 7 per 100 lbs. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2 to 4; the latter from $1 to 3.

Baltimore, March 31.—Beef Cattle—Offered at the scales on Monday 460 head, and 235 head sold to city butchers at $3a4 per 100 lbs on the hoof, equal to $6a 7,75 nett, and averaging about $3,50 per 100 the gross. Of the above number offered, 150 head were driven to Philadelphia, and 75 head left over unsold. Sales of a few lots have since been made at prices corresponding with the above quotations.

NEW YORK MARKETS, APRIL 1.

Ashes—Sales of 75 bbls pots, good tares, were made at $5,62½a5,75, while Pearls were nominal.

Breadstuffs—Flour—The sales, in various small parcels, reached 1500a2000 bbls, including common and pure Genesee, at $6,25a6,37½; Michigan at $6,75a 6,81; Troy at $6,50½; Black Rock at $6,50a6,62½—Southern remained about the same; Howard street and Alexandria were worth $6,31½a6,37½; sales of 100 bbls Ohio fancy were made at $6,87½. Wheat—There were no sales reported, and we have no change to make in quotations. Corn—Sales of 4000 bushels New Jersey white were made, to arrive, at 53c; 2500 do New Jersey yellow common sold at 50c; 700 do yellow good do sold at 53c; 1000 do handsome do at 54c; 3a4000 do Jersey yellow at 52c; and 1500 do New Orleans, damaged, sold at 45a46c. Meal—Sales of 300 bbls New Jersey were made at $2,50. Rye—We quote at 73a 75 cents, according to quality. Oats—Sales of 6000 bushels North River were made at 42a44c. Beans—We notice sales of 70 bbls fair white at $1 per bushel.

Provisions—Sales of about 250 bbls mess Pork were made at $10,12½; buyers were plenty at $10. Sales of 50 bbls uninspected were made at $10. Prime remained the same. Beef—No change. Lard—Sales of 450 kegs were reported at 6½c, prime, extra quality, 100 do do at 6c; and 150 bbls were sold at 6¼a7½c. Sales of 10,000 lbs smoked Bacon sides were made at 5½c. There was nothing important to note in Butter.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

New York, March 27.—At market—870 Beef Cattle, (600 Southern—the remainder Eastern and New York State,) 75 Cows and Calves, and 600 Sheep and Lambs. Prices, &c.—Beef Cattle come into market more sparingly, and prices have regained all they had previously lost. The fair average of the market may now be quoted at from $7 to 8,25. There were occasional sales at a fraction above and below these figures, but the qualities would afford no just criterion of the market. Buyers, on the whole, have been slow to operate—anticipating, probably, lower rates—and leave us sold about 175 or 200 head. There was a lot of 40 head shipped to the Bermudas, for the consumption of the English naval station there. Cows and Calves—All sold at from $18, 20, 27, 30. Sheep and Lambs—The number offering was not so large as that at market the previous week. Sales at from $1,75, 3,50 to 6. Left over 60. Hogs—Sales of live at 5a5½c.

BALTIMORE TOBACCO MARKET.

The Baltimore Patriot says:—The news by the Caledonia has had no favorable effect on the Tobacco market—indeed, the buyers on French account have retired from the market, and as nearly all for foreign account was for that market, nothing of any note has been done. Sales of a few hogsheads are making here to the manufacturers at fair prices, and the receipts being light, not much more than this may be calculated on for some weeks. We give the quotations of last week, viz:—Maryland, $3 for inferior and common; $3a7,50 for good common; $5a8 for good; $6a 7,50 for fine and better qualities; Ohio common $3,25a 3,50, good common $3,75a5; reds $4a10; fine wrappery red $11a20; spangled $4a10; yellow $6a12. The inspections are 544 hhds, including 451 Maryland, 39 Ohio, 7 Kentucky, and 5 Virginia.

TOBACCO TRADE OF LOUISVILLE, KY.—The rates now paid for Tobacco are higher in this than any other Western market, and we could call the attention of distant growers to the fact, and in proof of which we submit the average prices paid during the past month:—First quality of chewing and manufactured leaf, has ranged from $5 to 7,35; Second quality, and what is termed by our inspection "Seconds," from $3 to 4,75; "Thirds" which consists of the most inferior and refused descriptions from $1,50 to 3,00 per 100 lbs. These prices, we think, will bear a favorable comparison with those made in any Western market, and with freight and charges included, are not less than the ruling rates of New Orleans. The demand has been generally good and is at present quite active.—*Cour.*

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by James R. Smith, J. T. Dent, T. Gardner Smith, Frederick J. Hawse, John W. Armstrong, Jason Taylor, R. S. Stevenson, and W. Ramsey.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, 182 South Tenth street, Philadelphia, is our general travelling agent for the Southern and South Western States, assisted by Jos. K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, T. S. Waterman, John Collins, James Deering, Isaac D. Guyer, R. S. James and Robt. Benton.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

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CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of Ohio.

MORTIMER T. WEBB, do. do. do. for New York State.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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Pictures of Life.

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

MODERATION OF THE PEOPLE.

The Tuileries, at two o'clock on the 24th, were taken by the people after a few shots. Much accidental damage was done, but not a pin was allowed to be carried away, the people in their shirt sleeves protecting all the works of art and jewels, &c. All the damage was done to the furniture, and the gewgaws of dresses, &c., which were torn up for flags or burnt. Much damage, of course, was done, but the prevailing dominant idea evidently was to protect the property as far as possible. Thus, every where in the rooms, while revelling on the fine furniture in perfect gaiety, people were seen with the following inscriptions:—"This is our property, let us protect it." "No robbery!" "The thieves shall be put to death." "Let us protect the glory of the arts." The jewels were taken to the national treasury. The people would not allow even a piece of looking-glass, a foot square, to be taken away; and all the silver plate was carefully put aside, under a guard of some men in rags, and with a musket, who showed as great a regard for private property as a Rothschild would have done.

BAND OF BRIGANDS.

After the capture of the Tuileries, a band of some four hundred armed individuals resolved to remain in it and make it their quarters. They slept on sofas or on camp-beds; lived, cooked and made themselves at home in the palace. Among them was a person said to be the strongest man in France—a painter's model. The authorities occupied the guard house with the National Guard; but one of the lawless band always stationed himself as sentry alongside of the National Guard sentry. It was soon found that these gentry were not of the most honest kind. For they contrived to force open doors and drawers, and to pass objects of value through the gratings of the Tuileries, to companions outside. At first food was sent to them, as to soldiers on a post; but this being withheld, they contrived to procure some.

At last, the Prefect, Caussidiere, begged them to dislodge. They flatly refused; declared that they had fifty rounds of ammunition per man, and would first set fire to the chateau, if attacked, and then fight their way out. How to dislodge these desperate men? An assault could scarcely be asked of the good citizens who compose the National Guard; police there was as yet none; and the soldiers had declined to attack the people. The only corps that could be got were the youth of the College of St. Cyr—i. e. the sons of the best families in the kingdom. The Prefect accepted their offer of reducing the brigands; and the latter were summoned on Monday night. In reply, they offered to decamp on condition that each one of them was to have a pension of 600 francs a year, and that none of them were to be searched on marching out. The Prefect refused these honest terms, and gave them till ten this morning to submit.

At ten this morning, the boys of St. Cyr, well armed, marched into the court of the Tuileries, with a crowd of Parisians gathered thousands strong, to witness the fun. They were in part disappointed; for the brigands, frightened at the determined aspect of the St. Cyr scholars, consented to march out without setting fire to the palace. Some were searched; all had dollars in abundance. Some were marched to the Hotel de Ville, and some escaped. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on the scholars of St. Cyr.

A Paris letter of the 7th, speaking of these uninvited guests, says:

They have lived at rack and manger in the palace ever since it was entered, and the royal cellars and wardrobe have unquestionably suffered. Some of them were found wearing three shirts and two pairs of pantaloons; and Louis Philippe arrived in England without a change of raiment.

You may imagine the fund of amusement these incidents afford the Parisians, with their keen sense of the ridiculous, especially if spiced with mischief or damage to the powers that were. The operation of disarming these patriots with a dose of the brigand, was not accomplished without some anxiety, at least on the part of the public. But "rascality" had its teeth drawn and claws pared quietly.

THE RED FLAG.

The Presse says:—Five times during the day M. de Lamartine addressed the people assembled under the windows of the Hotel de Ville. The following is an extract:

"It is thus you are led from calumny to calumny against the men who have devoted themselves, head, heart, and breast, to give you a real Republic—the Republic of all rights, all interests, and all the legitimate rights of the people. Yesterday you asked us to usurp, in the name of the people of Paris, the rights of 35,000,000 of men, to vote them an absolute Republic, instead of a Republic invested with the strength of their consent, that is to say, to make of that Republic, imposed and not consented, the will of a part of the people, instead of the will of the whole nation. To-day you demand from us the red flag instead of the tri-colored one. Citizens! for my part, I will never adopt the red flag; and I will explain in a word why I will oppose it with all the strength of my patriotism. It is, citizens, because the tri-colored flag has made the tour of the world, under the Republic and the empire, with our liberties and our glories, and that the red flag has only made the tour of the Champ de Mars, trailed through torrents of the blood of the people."

At this part of the speech of M. de Lamartine, in that astonishing sitting of sixty hours, in the midst of an irritated crowd, every one was suddenly affected by his words; hands were clapped and tears shed, and they finished by embracing him, shaking his hands, and bearing him in triumph. In a moment after, fresh masses of people arrived, armed with sabres and bayonets. They knocked at the doors; they filled the salles. The cry was, that all was lost; that the people were about to fire on or stifle the members of the Provisional Government. M. de Lamartine was called for. He was supplicated to go once more, for the last time, to address the people. He was raised on a step of the staircase; the crowd remained half an hour without consenting to listen to him, vociferating, brandishing arms of all kinds over his head. M. de Lamartine folded his arms, recommenced his address, and finished by softening, appeasing, and caressing the intelligent and sensible people, and determining them either to withdraw, or to become themselves the safeguard of the Provisional Government.

The Provisional Government has announced that the drapeau tri-color is the national flag of the French Republic, and it has published an appeal to the people not to think of abandoning either the Three Colors or the Gallic Cock.

On the tri-colored flag is to be inscribed "Republique Francaise—Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite." All the old flags are taken down, and new ones put in their places. The National Guards have new flags throughout.

REPLY OF MR. RUSH.

The following is the reply made by the Ambassador of the United States to the circular of M. de Lamartine, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, to the various Foreign Ministers and Ambassadors in Paris.

"Sir—I have the honor of acknowledging your note of yesterday, by which you announce to me that the Provisional Government of the French Republic has confided to you the department of Foreign Affairs. That choice, I have no hesitation in declaring, will be regarded by the world as a favorable first step in the new order of things. I shall transmit with great satisfaction to my Government, by the earliest opportunity, a copy of your communication, and I have no doubt that it will be cordially received. Meanwhile, sir, I will be ready, with your permission, to treat with you relative to all matters that may interest my country, or the American residents in France. The United States, knowing by their own experience the value of free institutions, will naturally anticipate, from similar institutions in France, administered with wisdom and moderation, of which the enlarged and beneficent principles announced in your note, are the auspicious harbingers, nothing but the best results to the interests and well-being of both countries. I pray you to accept these early assurances of the very high consideration with which I have the honor to be, sir, yours, &c.

"(Signed) RICHARD RUSH.
"Friday, March 4th."

THE BONAPARTES.

The following communications have been addressed to the Provisional Government:—

Gentlemen,—At the very moment of the victory of the people, I went to the Hotel de Ville. The duty of every good citizen is to assemble around the Provisional Government of the Republic. I consider it the first act to be discharged, and shall be happy if my patriotism can be employed.

Receive, &c., NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.
Paris, Feb. 26.

Gentlemen,—The nation has just destroyed the treaties of 1815. The old soldier of Waterloo, the last brother of Napoleon, re-enters from that moment the bosom of the great family. The time of dynasties has passed for France! The law of proscription which weighed on me has fallen with the last of the Bourbons. I demand that the Government of the Republic shall issue a decree declaring that my proscription was an insult to France, and has disappeared with all that was imposed upon us by foreign powers. Accept, &c.,

Paris, Feb. 26. JEROME BONAPARTE.

Gentlemen,—The people of Paris having destroyed, by their heroism, the last vestiges of foreign invasion, I hastened from the land of exile to place myself under the banner of the Republic just proclaimed.

Without any other ambition than that of serving my country, I announce my arrival to the members of the Provisional Government, and assure them of my devotedness to the cause they represent, as well as my sympathy for their persons.

NAPOLEON LOUIS BONAPARTE.
Paris, Feb. 28.

ORGANIZATION.

After anxious deliberation, the Government matured the election law, and it has been received with general satisfaction. It was a serious question, whether, like the assemblies of the first Republic, the members of the Convention should be elected by deputies chosen by the people for the purpose, or whether the election should be submitted directly to the people themselves. The latter has been the mode adopted. Every Frenchman, twenty-one years of age, who has been domiciled in this department six months, is entitled to vote. The election will be made the 9th of April, and the Assembly will meet the 20th of the same month. The body will consist of nine hundred members, of whom Algiers and the other colonies will send fifteen. Each member will receive twenty-five francs a day. This act of compensation is a new feature in France legislation.

To this Assembly will be confided the re-construction of the entire political fabric of the nation; and its responsibilities will be tremendous.

THE ENGLISH IN PARIS.

The following address of English residents in Paris, lies for signature at 18, Rue Vivienne:

To the Provisional Government of France, and the Citizens of Paris.

We, the undersigned, British residents in Paris, deeply impressed with emotions of gratitude, return our sincere and cordial acknowledgments to the Provisional Government of France and the citizens of Paris, for the uninterrupted security and protection we have experienced during the eventful scenes which have just occurred; and while we regard this auspicious course as an earnest of the future, we cannot but indulge a sanguine hope that the existing harmony, so truly creditable to such enlightened nations as Great Britain and France, may continue as permanent in its nature as it is wise in its policy, and become exemplified in the maintainance of an honorable peace, mutual reciprocity of benefits, and increased identity of interests, and by a glorious rivalry in the noble career of moral, religious, and social progress.

THE AMERICANS IN PARIS.

On the 6th of March ult., the Provisional Government received a deputation of two hundred and eighty citizens of the United States, who walked to the Hotel de Ville, bearing American and French flags on the same staff. Mr. Goodrich, in the name of his countrymen, presented a brief and complimentary address, saying—Gentlemen—Members of the Provisional French Government, as citizens of the United States and American spectators of recent events in Paris, we have come to offer our congratulations, and to ask your acceptance of two flags as emblems of eternal alliance between France and the United States. Grateful recollections of past ties, the amity which has existed between you and us prompts us to be the first to testify to you and the people of France, the sympathy, respect, and admiration with which recent events inspired us—acknowledging the right of every nation to form its own government. We sincerely congratulate you on the mighty Revolution you have framed, and may we be permitted to felicitate France on the choice of a republican system, recognizing the true basis on which all just Governments must rest. The great principles of liberty and political equality have been the basis on which depended your recent struggle. We have admired the magnanimity of the French people and their self-command in the hour of triumph, and speedy return to order and law after great tumult and confusion. We see in these scenes great good to France and to mankind, and the assurances that what has been so nobly begun will be consummated in the establishment of a just and liberal Government, and the enjoyment of peace, liberty and prosperity among the citizens of great countries.

Accept the testimonials of the sentiments which fill our hearts, and at present be assured that the news of a revolution you have achieved, will be hailed by our countrymen on the other side of the Atlantic with emotions of hope and joy for France, and for the world.

M. Arago replied:—It was his conviction that France and America would live in the most intimate relations of friendship and union.

We receive the colors with gratitude. They shall be placed in the Hotel de Ville. I trust that despotism shall never attempt to snatch them hence. [Loud applause.] The double flag was then placed in the *Salle des Reception*.

The Deputation then withdrew amidst cries of *Vive la Republique!*

THE REPUBLICAN LEADERS.

M. de Lamartine, Minister of Foreign Affairs, is a poet and philosopher, and an out and out popular favorite. He is a tall slender man of about fifty, with thin, light, flowing hair, and highly intellectual look. His manner in the tribune is exceedingly dignified and graceful, and his language very eloquent and impressive. M. Arago, the perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Science, is a great chemical philosopher. He was born in 1786, and possesses eloquence not inferior to his scientific attainments. M. Carnot, the new Minister of Public Instruction, was born in 1801, and ranks as one of the purest and most sincere French Democrats.

M. Dupont de L'Eure, President of the Council, is a virtuous, able man, esteemed by the people. In 1842, he determinedly opposed the base Guizot Ministry, and was returned for four colleges in the Department of Eure, on the principles he advocated.

M. Armand Marast, is the talented editor of a republican paper, "The National," and uncompromisingly opposed the sway of Louis Philippe on all occasions.

M. Marie, Minister of Public Works, is a great advocate who sided with political offenders.

M. Garnier Page, the Mayor of Paris, is an advocate who has retained a character both upright and respectable.

M. LeDru Rollins, was prosecuted by the late Government for a speech to the electors of Maine, where he was chosen. He is a tall, powerful and handsome man, of forty-five or fifty years, florid complexion, large head, covered with black flowing hair, and full and expressive eyes. He is an extreme radical reformer, to whom is attributed the opinions of La Reforme. He went to Ireland in 1843, to offer O'Connell and the Repeal Association the sympathy and assistance of France in her struggle for liberty, which were refused. Gen. Subervic is a General of Napoleon's creation. He has won a name in the campaign in which he then served. M. Gaudchaux is a banker of second or third order, and only known as being a liberal in opinion, which was the cause of bringing him forward. He is also known by the assistance he gave to Le National. M. Albert is a mechanic who has been called to the Provisional Government as a politic measure. Why should he not furnish his share of experience and patriotism to a republican administration? His exemplary conduct and remarkable skill in his profession had already gained him the esteem of his employers and the confidence of his fellow workmen, of which he received proof by his nomination as Councilor de Prudhommes, an excellent institution for preserving order between men and master.

LAMARTINE.

Lamartine is described as having "a brow where genius sits enthroned, and a lip quivering with enthusiasm." Though nearly sixty years of age, his locks are but thinly sprinkled with grey. His features still retain a rare beauty of expression, and his form a princely elegance. As a poet possessing a fervor of soul, a richness of fancy, and a splendor of versification, which few have surpassed, as a prose writer, full of nerve, grandeur, and beauty; as an orator, brilliant, though often incoherent; as a legislator, fearless, independent and scorning the name of partizan; and as a man, religious and disinterested; his principles all pure, his passions all noble, his instincts all elevated—what wonder is it that *la belle France* has not a son upon whom she looks with fonder pride?

He seldom takes part in the petty questions engendered in party strife, but when great principles are involved, when the cause of God or humanity is concerned, he never sits silent. In the recent debates on Italy, no voice rang clearer or more indignantly, against the cold calculating policy of the administration, than Lamartine's. All the warm impulses and quick sensibilities of his nature were thoroughly aroused, and though perhaps speeches were made that would tally more exactly with the rhetorical rules of the schoolmen, none were more thrilling, none pierced their way more electrically to the very centre of the soul.—He has been a Deputy fifteen years, and has always spurned party trammels.

SPARE THE KING.

The flight of Louis Philippe was marked by an incident which did honor to the feelings of the population. At the moment that the Ex-King was escaping by the little low door-way, nearly opposite the bridge, and going into the little voiture that waited for him, he found himself surrounded by the people. The 2nd Cuirassiers, stationed in the Place de la Concorde, rushed to his protection, and this brave regiment, without, however, using their arms, opened a passage. An officer, seeing the danger, cried out, "Messieurs, spare the King." To which a stentorian voice replied, "Yes, yes, let him go—*qu'il parte*," became the general cry.

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

The following most extraordinary coincidence cannot be passed by the historian without astonishment and wonder, when describing the last two French Revolutions. In 1830, no sooner had the Dey of Algiers arrived in France as a prisoner of Charles the Tenth, than the King was dethroned and exiled; and in 1848, no sooner had the Emir, Abd-el-Kader, reached the shores of France as the prisoner of Louis Philippe, than the King of the Barricades was dethroned and exiled.

OPINION OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.

The Paris *Presse* gives the following as an extract from a Havre letter:—"M. R———, one of my friends, was present at the embarkation of the Ex-King, in a fishing boat on Thursday last. When on the point of quitting the French soil, Louis Philippe turned towards R———, and said, 'Join the Republic frankly and sincerely, for I carry with me the French monarchy, and I shall descend with it to the tomb. I have been the last King of France. Adieu.'"

MISCELLANEOUS INCIDENTS.

The correspondent of the Courier and Enquirer, made his way through the masses and the barricades in the street, in the midst of the Revolution, to the general Post Office, which he found guarded and was stoutly refused entrance. "I pleaded in vain, (he adds) until I finally told them that I was an *American*, and wanted to send home the glorious tidings of what they had been doing. '*Entrez Monsieur*,' was the quick response; and my letter was securely mailed by the solitary functionary I found on duty in the interior."

A group of 40 persons, without authority, visited most of the printing offices, for the purpose of breaking to pieces the printing machines. The authorities hastened to do all that depended on them to put a stop to such excesses. Col. Dumoulin issued the following notice:—"The press of Paris is under the protection of the Provisional Government and the public force, and all good citizens are called on to protect all printing establishments, and not to permit the slightest damage to be done to them."

The unfortunate firing upon the crowd, near the hotel of M. Guizot, was not provoked, as was before stated, by the shooting of the Colonel, but simply by a proposition to illuminate M. Guizot's house. The volley killed 32 persons, and was followed by another in the Rue de la Paix, which roused the people throughout the city to the intensest pitch of indignation.

On Thursday morning it became evident that the National Guard was rapidly fraternizing with the people, and that the regiments of the line were going with them. The power of the Government was thus utterly paralyzed. Defalcation of troops occurred every where throughout the city. From all parts of the city vast masses of the people crowded to the Palais Royal and the Tuileries.—By noon that whole quarter of the town had been invested, and the attack was commenced. The abdication of the King, which was immediately proclaimed, could not save either the dynasty or the Palace. The firing upon the Palais Royal continued for an hour, and it was then taken by storm. The Tuileries made less resistance—the Royal family having made their escape before it was taken.

On the 29th, the Bank of France announced its intention not to limit its discounts, and it prolonged the time for payment of bills falling due 10 days. It also put down 100,000f. for the wounded. M. de Rothschild gave 50,000f., and expressed his determination not to leave Paris. Every thing is doing to prevent the people from committing excesses, and the Government have set an example of toleration in not dismissing the *employes*, with the exception of the late law officers of the Crown and some Mayors and Magistrates conspicuous for their adherence to the dethroned dynasty.

The Ex-Ministers are not spoken of. They were concealed, it is said, at the hotel of the Ministers of the interior, when the news of the King's abdication was brought in. They then all fled by back doors. There was an attempt on the part of the criminals confined in the different jails, to escape, but they are well watched over, and the public tranquilized on that score. Debtors and political prisoners, as well as women, have been released.

The King's beloved retirement, at Neuilly, has been burnt. The bridge, at Asnieres, over which pass the Versailles, St. Germain and Rouen trains, has, I am assured, been cut. The Fortress of Mont Valerien, that great stronghold, which stood at an equal distance between St. Cloud and Neuilly, and commanded the Bois de Boulogne, surrendered, after a resistance of five hours. All the *forts detaches* and fortresses round Paris, are in the hands of the Republic.

A vast quantity of valuables were rescued by the Polytechnic pupils from the conflagration of Neuilly. The plate given up to the Treasury is alone valued at 1,200,000f. The valuables saved from the Tuileries were also immense.

Several thieves were taken *flagrante delicto*, tried by the by-standers, and shot at once. This happened in several instances on Friday. In the Champs Elysees three men were shot that day.—In the Rue Richelieu, two young thieves were shot, and their bodies left lying on the spot, with a paper on their breasts, having the word "Voleur," in large characters inscribed upon it. Another band of eight robbers was brought out for execution in the same unceremonious manner to the Place de la Madeleine, but the largeness of the number made the amateur executioners hesitate. But the hesitation did not do much to prolong the lives of the malefactors, for upon being carried to the *mairie* of the first arrondissement, which is hard by, the mayor was soon satisfied that justice was about to be done, and gave his sanction to the execution, which was forthwith executed in the Court.

A man who attempted (and with partial success) to set fire to the Palais Royal, was shot near the prefecture, and I understand that two others, the one of whom endeavored to set fire to the buildings in the *Parc Monceau*, and the other who committed a barbarous assassination and robbery, met with a similar fate. These summary and energetic, if not very legal measures, have had the effect of keeping down crime within Paris, and no doubt the same means will be continued till the police shall have been reorganized, and the Criminal Courts shall have re-commenced their labors. Through the country there have been many robberies, burnings, &c. Thieves, &c., taking advantage of the turmoil of the Revolution.

On the Palace of the Tuileries is inscribed,—"*Hotel des Invalides Civils.*" On the house of M. Guizot, "*Propriete Nationale.*" (National Property.) "*Vastes appartements a louer.*" (Large apartments to let.) The estate of Louis Philippe is represented as worth forty-five millions of dollars, and he is said to have cared as much about his estates as his kingdom. How suddenly he parted with both! There had not been the least preparation at the Tuileries for such an event.—From the appearance of the entire interior, from the kitchen to the boudoir of the Queen, all indicates that the event came upon the family like a clap of thunder, and with no more warning. The Queen's dresses are in her apartments, and the servants have left theirs, as if they had fled from fire, or any other devastating outbreak of the elements.—All the horses and carriages stood in their usual places.

On the 29th of February, a very formidable deputation went to the Hotel de Ville, to present a petition, demanding that labor should be limited to ten hours a day, that there should be no *marchandage*, and that the laborer should be allowed a portion of the profits of the master. To-day a similar deputation of upwards of five thousand journeymen tailors went to the Hotel de Ville with a similar petition, and they are a body who are not only exceedingly numerous and discontented, but are at the present moment entirely destitute of work. The Government finds it difficult to satisfy these dangerous deputations, and the members unfortunately differ as to what should be done.

The following is a picture of France under Louis Philippe: Out of 240,000 electors, 160,000 were the recipients of offices and salaries, the number of offices it is said amounting to near 600,000—two hundred deputies pensioned, and Peers holding their places by the appointment of the King. Louis Philippe was the Government.

About three thousand young men employed in the mercers' and linen-drapers' shops waited on the Mayor of Paris, and demanded the organization of labor. The shop-keepers of Paris, holding leases, have likewise applied to the Provisional Government for a reduction of their rents to one-half their present amount, the hardness of the times being their plea.

The Provisional Government also received a deputation with an address from the chartists of England, to which M. Garnier Pages replied in most complimentary terms.

There have been some collisions between the English and French workmen at Rouen and Havre, and in consequence many of the former have been compelled to leave their work and embark for England, without receiving the wages due them. On Monday last, the Marquis of Normandy had an interview with M. de Lamartine on the subject. His lordship also complained of the inhabitants of Granville preventing the exportation of French cattle to England. M. de Lamartine disapproved of these excesses, and accounted for them as being the effect of emotion and want of reflection in those two places.

Three months since, the house of Rothschilds took the French loan, of about ten millions sterling, at 75f. 25c.; 47f. was the price at Paris, on the 8th ult.

During the late revolution at Paris, the mob burned down Rothschild's pretty little palace at Surennes. They thought it was the King's.

The manifesto of De Lamartine to the representatives of the powers of Europe, has elicited almost universal admiration in France.

Victor Hugo was appointed Mayor of the 9th arrondissement of Paris. Cormenin was appointed Vice President of the Council of State.

The Marquis of Normandy, of England, was the first to recognize the claims of the French Republic, and acknowledged them on the part of his country.

The ambassadors from Russia, Prussia and Austria took time to receive instructions from their governments.

Achmet Pacha, son of Mehemet Ali, fought on the popular side with great intrepidity.

The adhesions of Marshals, Generals and other high functionaries of authorities and inhabitants of France are pouring in. Marshals Soult, Molitor, Sebastiani, Bugeaud, Reille Dode de la Brunere sent in adhesion to the new Government.

The Division Generals who have recognized the Republic, are Gen. Lyon, late M. Guizot's colleague in the War Department; Fabvier, Schramm, Aupick, late Governor of Paris; Grouchy, Prevail, Montholon, Feneheres, Oudinot, Achard, Gourgaud, Lahitte and Paixhauze.

The funeral procession of the killed of the 22d, 23d and 25th of February, was a magnificent and solemn affair. The people, troops, National Guard and Provisional Government,—all ranks and orders of State united in the demonstration.

A deputation from the Chartists of England has been received in public, and their speeches replied to by Garnier Pages. When they left, the air rung with shouts of Vive la Republique.

M. Lambert, who was attached to the household of Louis Philippe, and was Lieutenant Colonel of the Third Legion of National Guards of Paris, finding the prospect of a monarchy in France very dim, blew out his brains.

The Presse states that the Provisional Government intend placing the tomb of Napoleon under the care of his brother Jerome, who is to be appointed Governor of the Invalides.

Thiers, Barrot and Billault parties have united, and given in their adhesion to the new government. During the Revolution, 428 persons were wounded, of whom 350 were civilians, and 78 were military.

The *Journal des Debats*, the old Ministerial organ, has joined the Republicans.

A curious circumstance occurred in the flight of the Duke de Nemours from Paris. It is known that in order the better to avoid detection, the duke and duchess separated on leaving Paris, having arranged to meet on the coast. The same train which conveyed the duke carried the lady's maid of the duchess. On the arrival of the train at the station, which is six miles from Boulogne, the duke and lady's maid accidentally entered the same omnibus; but so completely had the duke contrived to disguise himself, that his own servant rode opposite to him six miles and did not recognize her master till, on embarking in the packet which brought them to the English coast, he called her by name. The duke's complexion is very light, and his hair, eye-brows and moustache had all been dyed a jet black.

Two volumes of the MS. Memoirs of the Ex-King (bound in red morocco) have been saved from the wreck of his property.

CURIOSITY OVERCOMING FEAR.

One very remarkable circumstance that I have noticed is the fearlessness of the women who crowd into the thickest of the tumult, yelling and tossing their arms, and often remain when numbers of the men have given ground. The Boulevards swarm with lorettes, elegantly dressed, who watch the movements of the troops, and mix in the groups inquiring and repeating the news with the utmost curiosity and interest. A gentleman to whom I told this, remarked that he had been struck with the same fact. He said that he and a friend were watching the conflict at the barricade in the Rue St. Martin, and they were surrounded by about twenty work girls, probably seamstresses. Suddenly a discharge of muskets took place, and the bullets flew whistling past, and rattled against the walls immediately over their heads. They all fled, and took refuge under a neighboring archway; but the firing having ceased, the girls peeped out cautiously, and went forth one by one, till at last he and his friend were left alone. "We thought," he added, laughing, "that as all the women had gone, we might venture forth again, and accordingly we did."

Items of News.

Farms for Laborers in the West.—The Trustees of the Wabash and Erie Canal, in Indiana, which is to be completed within two years, at a cost of two millions, offer 800,000 acres of land along the route in quantities to suit purchasers, in part pay for labor. The payments to be made in par funds. The office is at Terre Haute.

Great News for Spectacle Wearers.—Professor Bronson, of Boston, the Chronotype says, is enabled, by a very easy, painless, external operation, to relieve those defects which call for glasses, both the concave and convex, and both young people and old ones find themselves able to lay aside their spectacles.

☞ It is not, perhaps, generally known that the tri-color flag, as now hoisted at sea on the French packets, is not arranged as formerly, blue, white, red, but is changed for blue, red, white; on coming into harbor the old one replaces it, as if the new one was not recognized by our government.

The Crops.—The Ohio Cultivator, of the 15th ultimo, says that the wheat crop in the middle and northern parts of the State, continues to appear healthy. The dry weather has thus far prevented the "heaving out" so common at this season of the year.

The Plant.—An enterprising citizen of Charleston, South Carolina, has just received from Canton, via New York, from an Embassy to that country, six varieties of the seed of the tea plant, together with directions for its culture. The seed resembles, in some measure, the small sized ground artichoke.

Kissing and Biting.—A man in Cincinnati took the liberty to kiss a young damsel, who was so incensed at his rudeness that she bit his cheek severely. It made quite an *impression* upon him.—She said she thought he had "a hard cheek."

When it is Looked For.—The news of the ratification of the Treaty by the Mexican Government, cannot reach Washington before the middle of May.

Life in Boston.

PASSING EVENTS IN MODERN ATHENS.

Boston, April, 1848.

Gentlemen of the Post:—Of course there are but few Americans who are ignorant of the fact, that Benjamin Franklin was born in this city.—Yes, the philosopher, whose shining light of true genius will never be dimmed by any future constellation in arts and sciences, was produced in this city of notions. Benjamin Franklin, a name so often met on stages, ships, hotels, cars, steamboats, towns, counties, philosophical and mechanical implements, and innumerable other objects, that it has become as familiar to the eye and ear, as the very stars of the blue firmament above us. Well, I have a few items to pen, relative to this modern Socrates. One of the wealthy merchants of Boston, recently erected a commodious and most massive fronted store upon the spot, in Milk Street, near Washington Street, where Benjamin Franklin first drew the breath of life. This magnificent store has engraved or carved upon its front—

"THE BIRTH-PLACE OF FRANKLIN."

But I learn that Franklin's parents moved to a house, now shown to the curious, on the corner of Hanover and Union Streets. There is nothing curious about the antiquated appearance of the house, but the reminiscences therewith connected, certainly do attract our attention, and hence even the old dingy habitation becomes a matter of peculiar and interesting study. It was here that old man Franklin, made his tallow candles, and boiled his soap, and it is here that fancy leads us to see, in our mind's eye, the rugged tow-headed boy there, fixing the candle-wicks, weighing out the saponaceous substances, and dreaming but little, perhaps, of the honor, renown and glory he should live to enjoy. And where, as some one has said before me, he used to read *Bunyan's Works*, *Plutarch's Lives*, with *Defoe's Essays on Projects*, and *Dr. Mather's Essay to do Good*. And where, too, his lamp, or more probably, his candle's end, was oft seen at the midnight hour, as he sat up the greater part of the night, devouring the books his friend, the bookseller's apprentice, used to lend him over night, out of the shop, to be returned next morning. How the rogue must have enjoyed them;—seldom have literary pleasures been relished with such an eager appetite as by that hungry boy. A few days ago, while reconnoitering the interior of the new and beautiful *Athenæum*, a building devoted to the Arts, nearly in the rear of the Tremont House, I scrambled over the fence into the burial ground of the Park Street Church, and there I saw the large obelisk granite monument, erected originally by Benjamin Franklin, to the memory of his parents. On the front of the obelisk, facing Tremont Street, is a small plate bearing an inscription so replete with unadorned truth and good counsel, that I could not forbear copying it. Thus it reads:

Josiah Franklin and Abiah his wife,
Lie here interred—
They lived lovingly together, in wedlock, fifty-five years.
And without an estate, or any gainful employment, by constant labor, and honest industry, maintained a large family comfortably; and brought up thirteen children, and seven grand children, respectably. From this instance, reader, be encouraged to be diligent in thy calling, and distrust not Providence.
He, was a pious and prudent man; she, a discreet and virtuous woman.
Their youngest son, in filial regard to their memories, places this stone.
J. F. Born—1655—Died—1744—Æ89.
A. F. ———1667————1752——85.

The original inscription, having been nearly obliterated, a number of citizens erected this monument, as a mark of respect for the illustrious author

MDCCCXXVII.

By reading the life of Franklin we learn that poor Ben., with a few shillings in his pockets, arrived in Philadelphia, bought a few penny rolls, and went up Market Street "scrunching" them along the way, while he hunted up a Printing Office, in order that he might get employment. He was a mighty green looking specimen of a *Down Easter*, I suspect, and it was under such circumstances, that he first saw the lady (and she, him,) that he afterwards led to the hymeneal altar in your city. I need not repeat his after greatness, his usefulness to society, science and art, but I must refer, with much astonishment, to the seeming obscurity of his burial place, and the monument over his remains in the City of Philadelphia. I have seen his grave often; thousands of your citizens, as well as strangers, who pass by a narrow (?) church yard in Arch Street, above Fourth Street, are aware that beneath a slab of defaced stone, near the front railings of the ground, lie the bones of the philosopher, sage and printer, Benjamin Franklin.

The slab has engraved on it, simply—

Benjamin and Deborah } Franklin 1790

You will remember that Franklin wrote a humorous Epitaph for himself, but his better judgment and sense, afterwards, seemed to convince him how inconsistent it would be to his living character, to jest upon such a subject, in such a place. I agree with Captain Basil Hall, who visited the obscure grave of Franklin—that his literary works, his scientific fame and undoubted patriotism, form his best Epitaph. Still, it might be thought, says the English traveller, that he would have been distinguished in his own land, by a more imposing resting-place than the obscure corner of an obscure burying ground; his bones mouldering among those of most ordinary mortals, and his rude tomb falling piecemeal in rubbish, and soon altogether to be lost. In these days of bring home the illustrious dead, I do think the citizens of Boston would do themselves and city an honor, to collect the remains of their truly great man, and have them brought and buried in his native city; and at the same time, commemorate the event and spot of Franklin's sepulture, with an enduring and magnificent tomb, worthy—if such acts can glorify or exalt true greatness—the object and the deed. Will they ever do it.*

The *furore* regarding the French Revolution, if the mere *discharging* of an old piece of ancient flummery, called *King*, can be regarded as a *revolution*, has nearly subsided here. There are but few Frenchmen, few foreigners indeed of any kind, in Boston, hence the mere ebulition of feeling, attending exciting *news*, has evaporated, and the people are calmly viewing the probable result of the Paris revolt. A belief is gaining ground, that the French are scarcely yet *ripe* for republicanism. They are an excitable and *military* people, and such traits in the character of a community, are not conducive to the welfare of Republics. By the next steamer, I should not be surprised if we learn that a *counter* revolution has taken place in France, and that after a bloody altercation, other powers interfered, and another King was throned. Trouble is brewing in Europe, more lives must yet be drained, the day of royalty is fading, the death-struggle of pomp, pride and power, will be hard, but freedom to man will come in the end. With Victoria, regal nonsense will close its career in England; Englishmen would like to be *free*, but they almost feel ashamed to confess it; but let France once fix her independence, and you will see how long Ireland, Scotland and England, will be passive under the impositions and burdens of nobility! By the way, talking of nobility, it is said, by the recent death of a Dutch Baron Hautville, some where or other in the hills of Switzerland, a Boston lady—Miss Sears—becomes, or would have become, had she not gotten a divorce from her Claude Melnotte, a *Baroness!* However, says this *on dit*, the lady has had quite *enough of nobility*, she has become content to remain as Heaven made her—a Yankee woman, without any foreign bobtails.

The daily papers, by way of saying something to keep up the public *nibble*, imitate the Irish editor, who being told by his *devil* that a paragraph was wanted to fill out the paper, sat down and gave the *rumor* of a murder in a near county; but the imp returned to the bewildered editor for a few more lines to fill out the column. "I have it!" says he, catching an idea, "tell the foreman, *to contradict the murder!*" We learn one day that Coolidge has made a confession and committed suicide; next morning, when the lovers of the horrible wipe their glasses and prepare to read the whole account, lo! the confession and suicide are contradicted! FALCONBRIDGE.

* [We *guess* not verpossum—Philadelphia will never yield up the body of her great citizen; her son by adoption, if not by birth. As to the tomb—it is all fol-de-rol, that our correspondent says about its crumbling to dust, &c. It is a flat stone in good preservation, such as the plain old republicans desired to have placed over his grave, and in character with the simple inscription which he enjoined should be engraved upon it—both stone and inscription being in harmony with the plain and simple nature of the man.—*Editor Sat. Evening Post.*]

☞ A poor poet having written some doggrel verses to a young lady in which he repeats the phrase "I saw thee once," she returned to him, for an answer, that she would take care he never saw her again.

☞ Which is the most sarcastic of professions? A chemist's, because he always has a retort ready.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 29th, Mr. Davis, from the Committee on Military Affairs, reported a bill to establish a Military Asylum for Invalids.

Mr. Turney submitted a resolution instructing the Committee on the Judiciary to inquire into the expediency of providing by law for the punishment of such persons as shall surreptitiously obtain or publish any documents under consideration by the Senate in Executive session, previous to the injunction of secrecy being removed by a vote of that body. Adopted.

Mr. Rusk submitted a resolution calling upon the President for information respecting the superior merits of Colt's patent repeating fire arms, which was adopted.

Mr. Cass addressed the Senate upon the bill appropriating $760,000 to defray the expenses of the late military operations in California under the orders of Commodore Stockton and Lieutenant Colonel Fremont, and the civil government established by Com. Stockton in California, and to pay all just claims arising out of said military operations and civil government.

The bill provides that all claims and demands so far as heretofore ascertained, and the amount evidenced by any written instrument signed by Com. Stockton or Lieut. Col. Fremont, or by muster rolls or proper discharges, shall be paid with the least practicable delay, and that the President is by it authorized to appoint a Board to consist of Col. Fremont and two other officers of the California Battalion, to hold its sessions in California, and whose award and certificate shall be final, and the amount paid immediately in California.

After Mr. Cass had concluded, the bill was laid aside for the present.

On motion, the Senate proceeded to the consideration of the order of the day, being the Loan Bill.

Mr. Phelps addressed the Senate, going into details, and making an exposition of the finances of the country. He estimated the public debt to be ninety-two millions.

The bill was then read a third time, and passed by a vote of 34 to 2.

Mr. Cameron moved that the Senate go into Executive session, which was agreed to, and when the doors were again opened, the Senate adjourned.

On the 29th, a petition was presented by Mr. Bell, of Tennessee, from citizens of that State, praying that the dam of the Cumberland River be repaired. Mr. Bell addressed the Senate in favor of the prayer of the petitioners, after which it was referred to the Committee on Roads and Canals.

A petition was presented by Mr. Crittenden, from the citizens of Kentucky, praying for the same object, which was referred to the same Committee.

Mr. Davis, from the Committee on Commerce, reported a bill from the House to change the location of certain light houses on the Hudson and Savannah Rivers, and fixing the position of certain buoys. The bill was read a third time and passed.

Agreeably to the notice given yesterday, Mr. Allen asked and obtained leave to introduce a joint resolution, offering the congratulations of Congress to the people of France upon the establishment of a Republic in that country. The resolution was ordered to be printed.

On the 30th, a petition was presented by Mr. Hale, from the citizens of New York, praying that Congress should report whether in its opinion slavery ever had a Constitutional existence in the United States.

The question of reception was raised by Mr. Turney, who moved to lay the motion to receive the petition upon the table.

The yeas and nays were demanded upon this motion, and on being taken stood yeas 23, nays 7, and the motion was accordingly laid upon the table.

A petition was presented by Mr. Phelps, numerously signed, praying that the United States should purchase the Mount Vernon Estate.

Mr. Davis, of Massachusetts, offered a resolution calling upon the Secretary of the Treasury for information in relation to wrecks occurring during the year ending the 30th of June last.

Mr. Allen's resolutions, offering congratulations of Congress to the people of France on the establishment of a Republic in that country, were then taken up, and read a second time. Mr. Baldwin moved their reference to the Committee on Foreign Relations.

Mr. Allen advocated the passage of the resolutions with great earnestness, but expressed his indifference whether the resolutions were referred or made the special order of the day at some early period.

Mr. Hale offered an amendment to the resolution, by adding the words "and manifesting their professions of liberty by the immediate emancipation of the slaves in all their colonies."

Mr. Downs opposed the reference of the resolution.

Mr. Calhoun thought that it would be premature to act upon the resolution at the present time. The people of France had done much, had accomplished a mighty revolution, overthrown a powerful monarchy, and decreed the establishment of a Republic, with wonderful facility, and without any extraordinary bloodshed or confusion; but should we not wait to see whether the Republican form of government was firmly established, before we interfere?

Our government should act cautiously in this matter, and wait until the result of the Convention, to be held on the 26th of April, is received. He concluded by moving that the resolutions be laid upon the table, expressly on the ground that action upon them would be premature. The motion was, however, lost, by a vote of 14 to 28.

Mr. Allen moved to make the resolutions the special order for the first Monday of May.

Mr. Underwood thought the first Monday in May, would be too soon.

Mr. Douglass opposed such delay. What credit to ourselves, or what good to France, would be afforded by our expression of sympathy or congratulations, if we wait until the struggle is over, before we proffer them our congratulations and our sympathies, to depend on the success, and not on the merits of the effort itself? The people of France had made a glorious beginning, and now was the time to offer our congratulations and sympathies.

After further debate, Mr. Hannegan said there was a case of individual liberty awaiting the action of the Senate, and moved that they go into Executive session, which was agreed to.

On the 3d a message was received from the President, approving the conduct of Mr. Rush in promptly recognizing the French Provisional Government. It was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations, and ordered to be printed.

Mr. Allen moved to take up the resolutions he had previously offered, tendering the congratulations of Congress to the French nation upon the establishment of a Republic. An interesting debate sprang up on this motion, in which Messrs. Crittenden, Allen, Bagby, Dickinson and others participated. The yeas and nays were subsequently taken, and the motion was negatived by a vote of yeas 21, nays 22.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 28th, Mr. Gaines' resolution, which was adopted yesterday, authorizing the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the expediency of extending the provisions of the Act of 1832, for the benefit of the surviving officers and soldiers of the Revolution, so as to include those who had participated in the wars of the U. States from 1783 to 1785, was called up again by Mr. Cocke, who moved a reconsideration of the vote by which it had been passed.

After considerable discussion this motion prevailed, and the resolution was finally laid upon the table.

Mr. Wentworth moved that the House go into Committee of the Whole, Mr. King, of Georgia, in the Chair, which was agreed to.

The Oregon Territory Bill was then taken up.

Mr. Yulee spoke at some length in opposition to it, and denied that Congress possessed the right to legislate for the people inhabiting the Territories. He strenuously opposed the Wilmot Proviso.

Mr. Smart, of Maine, followed in an argument in support of the bill.

On the 29th, after the morning business, the House resolved itself into Committee of the Whole, and proceeded to the consideration of the order of the day, being the bill refunding money advanced by the several States towards the equipment of volunteers, Mr. King, of Georgia, in the Chair.

Messrs. Haralson, Brown of Mississippi, Miller Duncan of Ohio, McKay, Burt, and others, spoke in the debate that ensued.

Mr. Lamb made a long speech in favor of the Wilmot Proviso.

On the 30th, Mr. Haralson offered a resolution to stop the debate upon the bill refunding certain moneys expended by the States in equipping volunteers, in one hour after its commencement, which was adopted.

On Mr. Vinton's motion, the Senate's amendments to the Loan Bill were concurred in.

Mr. Smith, of Indiana, moved that the House resolve itself into Committee of the Whole, Mr. King, of Georgia, in the Chair, and take up the Refunding Bill, which was agreed to.

The amendments were then discussed, after which the Committee rose and reported the Bill with amendments.

Mr. Hilliard then moved that the Bill be recommitted to the Committee on Military Affairs, with instructions, which was agreed to.

The House went into Committee of the Whole again, Mr. Cranston in the chair, and took up the Oregon Bill.

Mr. Hilliard obtained the floor, and took the opportunity to deliver a Taylor speech.

Political Intelligence

POLITICAL ITEMS.

Dr. J. K. Martin, who has been nominated by the President as Charge des Affaires to Rome, is a Protestant, the Journal of Commerce says, and it believes a religious man. His brother is a Presbyterian clergyman. Dr. M. has had much experience in diplomatic affairs.

The Select Committee on Capital Punishment in the Senate of New York, have made an unanimous report in favor of its abolition.

A recent letter from General Taylor to a Committee in Alabama, who had addressed him on the subject of the Presidency, has the following emphatic sentence:

"I shall offer no active opposition to the use of my name in connexion with this responsible office, as long as they continue to use it thus independent of party distinctions."

It is said that citizen De la Forest has received from the Provisional Government of the French Republic, an exequatur continuing him in office as Consul General of France in the United States. The prompt attention of the new Government in these matters, is highly creditable to it, and speaks well for its efficiency.

The vote of Vermont on the License Question, resulted, excluding one town not officially returned, in a majority of thirteen for License. That town has since, we believe, been returned, and the final vote gives a majority of one hundred and twenty-four for No License. Pretty close work that.

HARDWARE.
MOORE, HEYL & CO. are now receiving from the EUROPEAN and AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS their Spring Stock of HARDWARE and CUTLERY, comprising a complete assortment, to which they call the attention of their friends and others visiting Philadelphia to purchase. jan 8-3m*

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.
Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 10th to the 16th March.

March 10, received from			
Mrs. E. W. Jones	20 00	P. Eagle & Co.	10 00
J. Barton	2 00	L. L. Torbert	2 00
M. D. Smith & Co.	5 00	S. G. Boker	3 00
Capt. T. West	2 00	J. W. Ball	5 00
Jona. Smith	3 00	W. N. Moore	3 00
J. H. Van Cobn	2 00	S. A. Satterthwaite	4 00
B. Abrams	3 00	W. D. Winchester	5 00
D. Waterfield	2 00	J. S. Buckmaster	2 00
B. S. Lolly	6 00	Mrs. A. M. Goodwin	2 00
J. B. West	2 00	W. Wade	7 00
S. Hopper	2 00	E. Crosby	3 00
Mrs. Weyman	2 00	W. W. McGuigan	2 00
A. Walker	2 00	W. P. Conklin	11 00
J. J. Sturgus	5 00	B. F. & J. A. Gardner	5 00
D. R. Boyd	2 00	S. F. Fisher	2 00
J. Irwin	2 00	Miss A. E. Clymer	2 00
Mrs. F. G. Latham	3 00	D. W. Rufus & Co.	20 00
Miss M. Phillips	2 00	J. H. Dougherty & Co	15 00
J. M. McGehee	3 00	C. B. Slater & Co.	10 00
W. H. Hampton	5 00	Mrs. H. C. Potts	2 00
J. Bonner	5 00		
March 11.			
S. G. Lewis	2 00	P. Tuthill	1 25
H. D. Spence	20 00	P. D. Ingersoll	2 00
D. Seal	2 00	S. Boyd	2 00
J. Evans	2 00	R. Brown	2 00
B. H. Burley & Co.	11 00	N. E. Widman	5 00
G. W. Johnson	2 00	Moses Babcock	5 00
J. K. Walker & Co	20 00	H. D. Burd & Co.	20 00
T. G. Moss	10 00	L. C. Tressler	5 00
W. White	5 00	R. N. Burroughs & Co	10 00
R. Stephens	2 00	C. H. Floyd & Co.	15 00
J. Baxter	2 00	Miss D. W. Dexter	2 00
Mrs. E. Robinson	5 00	S. H. Platt & Co.	20 00
A. F. Atlee	20 00	Mrs. D. S. Ross	2 00
March 13.			
J. B. Chinn	1 25	J. H. Blair	4 00
A. Winch	5 00	P. J. Walker	2 00
Mrs. E. Wilson	2 00	G. W. Henry	5 00
J. Hopkins	2 00	Miss M. H. Peter	2 00
W. K. Campbell	2 00	C. L. Janney	2 00
W. J. Woods	2 00	J. W. Holman	5 00
J. Jones	2 00	W. A. Nailing	6 25
W. Ford	3 00	G. Elliott	2 00
F. A. White	5 00	R. Crawford	2 00
S. Schermerhorn	5 00	C. Adams	2 00
C. Fenton	2 00	Dr. J. H. Kern	2 00
T. P. Batchelder	10 00	R. H. Duncan	5 00
G. Webb	5 00	J. Hunt	5 00
R. J. Norris	5 00	D. Pennypacker	2 00
W. S. Livingston	5 00	C. Graham	5 00
A. Carter	10 00	T. Steel	2 00
S. C. King	2 00	Miss J. M. Hawes	2 00
G. M. Wakeman	5 00	Mrs. L. C. Nixon	2 00
D. D. Howard	5 00	H. J. Crilley & Co.	20 00
L. Zimmer	15 00	R. C. Garrett & Co.	15 00
R. C. Robbins	3 00	L. & H. Benson	10 00
A. Fairly	3 00	T. P. Deal & Co.	5 00
March 14.			
N. M. Lewis	2 00	J. C. Norcom	2 00
C. Pew	2 00	S. Lane	2 00
Mrs. A. M. Smith	2 00	J. J. Cockrell	2 00
F. Mahan	2 00	D. Smith	1 00
Hannah W. Knight	2 00	R. Parrish	1 25
S. W. Hendricks	2 00	J. Brenin	3 00
Miss F. B. Winterode	2 00	C. C. Jackson	2 00
J. Huston	2 00	E. A. Marson	2 00
D. Dengler	2 00	J. Fraser	2 00
E. Foote	7 00	H. L. Cersey & Co.	25 00
T. Hileman	10 00	D. C. Byrns & Co.	15 00
A. S. Parker	10 00	H. W. Rosser & Co	10 00
D. W. Camp	2 00	Mrs. E. C. Dunn	2 00
Mrs. M. Rea	2 00	W. L. Pratt & Co.	10 00
P. Rainey, Jr.	5 00		
March 15.			
R. Peterson	30 00	A. P. Magrath	5 00
A. Snyder	5 00	T. Severn	10 00
P. Kelly	1 00	H. B. Farrar	10 00
H. Kurf	4 00	D. R. Barber	1 25
S. A. & A. F. Ward	10 00	C. Willis	1 25
F. Van Zandt	4 00	H. L. Smalley	2 00
J. Du Bois	1 00	D. B. Tucker & Co.	15 00
C. Phelps	1 00	Miss W. S. Smiley	2 00
H. P. Durell	20 00	Mrs. D. C. Dade	2 00
E. Dyer	10 00	P. W. Tilton & Co.	10 00
T. Davis	5 00	A. C. Jakes, Jr.	2 00
O. Lewis	1 50	T. H. Holley	2 00
L. F. Raine	1 00	D. W. Smarius	2 00
D. J. Gould	21 00	A. K. McMain	2 00
March 16.			
J. Kelton	44	J. Burton	4 00
J. G. Trigg	1 50	J. B. Hayes	10 00
J. T. Davis	2 00	C. Davis	2 00
E. Percival	5 00	J. Waddell	1 00
W. Gaston	2 00	J. R. Gary	3 00
J. P. Fitch	3 00	F. H. Whitaker	2 00
I. Hobart	2 00	W. H. C—son	4 00
J. G. C. Milligan	10 00	J. Hibbard	2 00
W. Rouse	5 00	Miss L. R. Russell	2 00
J. Baltzell	2 00	T. B. Wardell & Co	20 00
D. Howe	5 00	H. K. Layton & Co.	15 00
W. J. Barnsback	5 00	S. D. Fetters & Co.	10 00
E. D. Duncan	5 00	Mrs. N. P. Wiley	2 00
J. McMaster	5 00	P. H. Huston & Co.	15 00

DR. JACKSON'S PILE AND TETTER EMBROCATION has gained a reputation never before equalled by any medicine—it is WARRANTED to cure!!!
☞ SCARPA'S ACOUSTIC OIL will cure *Deafness, Pain, the Discharge of Matter from the Ears, &c.* These medicines have cured more than all others combined. For sale by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 8 South Third street, Philadelphia. Also, by Carter, Wilson & Co., Boston; Alex. Jayne's, Pittsburg, and J. W. Sheppard, Cincinnati. nov 27-eowtf

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY R. JOHNSTON, BROKER. No. 24 South Third Street. *Philadelphia, April 8, 1848.*

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks	par
U. S. bank notes	15 dis
Girard do	
Chambersburg	1 dis
York	1 dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	1 dis
Carlisle	1 dis
Lewistown	no sale
Brownsville	1 dis
Pittsburg	1 dis
Waynesburg	1½ dis
Washington	1½ dis
Erie	2 dis
Susquehanna county	2½ dis
Lebanon	par
Lehigh county bank	par
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	1 dis
Harrisburg	1 dis
West Branch	1½ dis
Wyoming	1½ dis
Middletown	1 dis
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Relief notes	1½ dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, M'tHolly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par
Plainfield	
Newark, Newtown, Paterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Orange, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Doyl'n, Rahway, Perth Amboy	½ dis
N. Hope, Del Bridge	30 dis
Yard. Del. Bridge	10 dis
DELAWARE.	
All solvent banks	par
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral bank	failed
Salisbury	no sale
Frederick county	1 dis
Cumberland	1 dis
Washington county	1 dis
Hagerstown	1 dis
Havre-de-Grace	uncertain
Far and Millers bk.	no sale
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
NEW YORK.	
City banks	½ dis
Tonawanda	40 dis
Oswego	30 dis
Millers', Clyde	15 dis
James bank	35 dis
Atlas bank	35 dis
State bk—Saugerties	2
Northern Ex. bk	2 dis
Country banks	1 dis
MAINE.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans	2 dis
All solvent banks	1 dis
CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
CANADA.	
Montreal	5 dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va. & branch's	1½ dis
Far. Bk. & branch's	do dis
Valley Bk. & branch	do dis
Ex. Bk. & branches	do dis
Wheeling	do dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
So. West. R. R.	1½ dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2½ dis
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's	2½ dis
Central Bk. of Ga.	50 dis
Georgia R. R. Co.	2 dis
Ruckersville Bkg. Co.	—
All solvent banks	2½ dis
Small notes	2½ dis
ALABAMA.	
Bank of Mobile	2 dis
Country banks	4 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	uncr
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
FLORIDA.	
So. Life & Trust Co.	—
OHIO.	
Bank of Wooster	failed
Com. Bk. of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent banks	2½ dis
Small notes	2½ dis
KENTUCKY.	
All solvent banks	2½ dis
Small notes	2½ dis
INDIANA.	
State bank	2½ dis
Small notes	2½ dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois	80 dis
State bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks	2½ dis
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent banks	4½ dis
MICHIGAN.	
Bank of St. Clair	no sale
Farmers' & Mech's	5 dis
ARKANSAS.	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN.	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA.	
Miners' bank	—

A GEM.
GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR MAY.—THE QUEEN OF MAY.
A beautiful picture by Chapman—printed in colors after the original—the first attempt in this country.
The beauty of this little picture must be seen to be appreciated. It surpasses anything ever yet published in a magazine, and will please wherever it is seen.
AN ORIGINAL PICTURE BY SULLY.
Mezzotinted by our own artist.
A SPRING FLOWER.
A Colored Fashion Plate, and about 20 other illustrations. The best chapter of Miss Leslie's "Amelia."
A NOVEL SITUATION.
Orders from the country are solicited. 25 cents enclosed in a letter, postage paid, will secure this "Best No. ever published."
Country agents will send in their orders soon, as there will be but few copies to spare after the No. is once seen by the public. Will be ready for distribution on the 20th inst. L. A. GODEY.
ap 8-2t 113 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

MAHAN'S SYSTEM OF GARMENT CUTTING and REPORTS of FASHIONS of this Spring and Summer are mailed and delivered to our regular subscribers. We have still on hand a few hundred setts of the work got up expressly for new subscribers, and although we have at this time a larger subscription list than all other publishers of a similar work in the United States jointly and combined, notwithstanding we are still desirous to extend our subscription list. Mahan is a Tailor and knows what the business requires, in proof of which he is honored by the trade, also the press as autocrat of his profession.
Terms—System $5 per year. To those who pay in advance we send an Uncolored Plate as a present for prompt pay. System and Colored Plates $6 per year, or $7 if paid in advance. Persons subscribing to the Colored Plates only will be charged $3 per year, or $2 per single Plate with large pattern sheet and small pamphlet of explanations accompanying the Plate.
F. MAHAN,
1t* 311 Chesnut street, Philada.

THE WAY TO EARN A FARM.
A GREAT CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.—AGENTS WANTED in every County in the United States. A number of Agents, well recommended for *honesty, business tact and integrity*, may hear of inducements of NO ORDINARY KIND, by addressing the subscribers, POSTAGE PAID. A small capital of from $25 to $100, will be necessary to make a commencement. For particulars, address, postage paid, G. B. ZIEBER & Co., Philadelphia.
No Letters attended to unless the Postage is paid. ap 1-1y

BETTER DIE THAN LIVE, if I am to be tortured from day to day with this horrible Ague, exclaims the poor sufferer whose life has become a burden from the racking paroxysms of an intermittent, and whose confidence in human aid is destroyed by the failure of remedies to produce the promised relief. Such has been the situation of thousands who are now rejoicing in all the blessings of health from the use of Dr. Osgood's India Cholagogue. In no instance does it fail of affecting a speedy and permanent cure.
For sale by JOHN M. MARIS & Co., agents for the proprietor, No. 9 South Third street, Philadelphia, and by Druggists generally. mar 25-tf

GUMPERT'S
INDIA
EXTRACT.
TO THOSE SUFFERING WITH CHRONIC Rheumatism; Acute Rheumatism; Gouty Rheumatism; Inflammatory Rheumatism; Neuralgic Rheumatism; or any other form of this distressing disease—the *India Extract* is offered with full confidence of its good effects in affording prompt relief and a speedy cure. This preparation is as certain a cure for Rheumatism as Bark or Quinine are for Ague and Fever.
For Sale only at No. 149 North SECOND Street, Philadelphia. mar 4-3m*

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Payment is required in advance.

ALMANAC.

April, 1848	Sun rises	Sun sets	High water	Moon's phases
8 Saturday,	5 35	6 25	6 25	
9 Sunday,	5 33	6 27	7 21	D. H. M.
10 Monday,	5 32	6 28	8 15	
11 Tuesday,	5 31	6 29	9 7	
12 Wedn'sday,	5 30	6 30	9 54	New 3 5 07
13 Thursday,	5 28	6 32	10 41	First 10 9 47
14 Friday,	5 27	6 33	11 26	Full 18 9 31
15 Saturday,	5 26	6 34	12 8	Last 26 9 31

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
March 26,	47	59	60
27,	53	60	61
28,	50	54	53
29,	52	61	66
30,	53	65	71
31,	57	67	73
April 1,	56	54	61

Married,

On the 21st ult. by Reuben Orff, Esq., Mr. Irvin Calderwood, of Knox, to Miss Emily Jane Levensellar, of N. Waldoboro.

On the 28th ult. by the same, Mr. Rosamond L. Kaler, to Miss Bertha S. Genthner, all of Waldoboro, Maine.

On the 16th ult. by Friends' Ceremony, before Ald. Thompson, Levis Rogers, to Phebe M. Hall, both of Willistown township, Chester county, Pa.

On the 9th ult. by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Joseph Thomas, to Miss Sarah Myers, both of this city.

On the 23d ult. by the same, Mr. Jesse C. Hall, to Miss Sarah Britton, both of Philadelphia county.

On the 30th ult. by Friends' Ceremony, Franklin Shoemaker, to Mary H. daughter of Howard Williams.

On the 23th ult. by the Rev. John Street, Mr. James Shaw, to Mrs. Mary Ann Hulley, all of Philadelphia.

On the 30th ult. by the same, Mr. William Stark, of Philadelphia, to Miss Mary Ogilby, of Bucks county, Pa.

On the 30th ult. by the same, Mr. James S. Hannah, to Miss Rachel N. Ackley, all of Philadelphia.

On the 30th ult. at Tustin's Black Bear Hotel, by Alderman J. Mitchell, Joshua Taggart, to Mary Jane Willis, both of the city of Wilmington, State of Delaware.

On the 30th ult. before John F. Belsterling, Mayor of the Northern Liberties, by Friends' Ceremony, Eli Dresher, to Elizabeth Conrad, both of Dembertown, Upper Dublin Township, Montgomery county.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. R. W. Thomas, Mr. George Bones, to Miss Margaret Dubree, all of Philadelphia.

On the 11th ultimo, by Ald. C. Brazer, Mr. Francis James to Miss Elizabeth Johnson, both of this co.

On the 29th ultimo, by Ald. Wm. G. Conrow, John Stewart, of Leesburg, Va. to Miss Amy Ann Free, of this city.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. T. Stork, Thomas E. Hausberger, to Amanda M. Weckerly, both of Philadelphia.

On the 23d ult. by Friends' Ceremony, Jas. Warrington, of Burlington county, N. J. to Abigail B. Lippincott, of Camden.

On the 21st ult. by the Rev. W. Eyster, James B. Ball, to Miss Susan T. Kulp, only daughter of John S. Kulp, all of Germantown.

Died,

On the morning of the 30th ult. in her 8th year, Emma Rhoda, daughter of Wm. Wainwright.

In Danville, Ky. on the 17th ult. Alexander C. Daniels, son of Maj. A. G. Daniels, aged 4 years, 3 months and 23 days.

On the 30th ult. Elizabeth Deal.

On the 31st ult. Mrs. Susannah, wife of Jos. Thomson, aged 40 years.

On the 31st ult. Wm. Glass, son of Wm. and Margaret Ellis, aged 5 years.

On the 31st ult. Eliza L. daughter of Bernard and Mary Getz, aged 6 years.

On the 31st ult. Mrs. Cidney Doane, aged 58 years.

On the 27th ult. Michael Creely, aged 77 years.

On the 31st. ult. Mrs. Catharine Bendingen, aged 66 years.

On the 31st ult. Julia Jones, aged 4 years.

On the 30th ult. Thomas, son of Peter Garison, aged 15 months.

On the 31st ult. Mr. Wm. Boone, aged 40 years.

On the 31st ult. Mary Hanbery, aged 68 years.

On the 30th ult. Mr. Andrew Young, aged 60.

At Coatesville, Pa. on the 31st ult. Sarah C. wife of John Day, aged 62 years.

On the 31st ult. Mary P. Sharp, aged 86 years.

On the 31st ult. Theresa, daughter of Anthony and Ann Escando, aged 14 months.

On the 29th ult. Mrs. Ann Smith, aged 60 years.

On the 29th ult. Mrs. Elizabeth Lucas, aged 57.

On the 30th ult. Ellen, daughter of John and Ellen Boggs, aged 2 years.

On the 29th ult. Thomas Parmore, M. D. aged 34.

On the 28th ult. Mr. Saml. W. Arrison, aged 28.

On the 30th ult. Wm. Clorin, aged 6 years.

On the 29th ult. Mr. Francisco Silva, aged 67.

On the 24th ult. Josephine, daughter of Rowland and Amelia Cromelien aged 11 years.

On the 26th ult. in West Goshen Township, near West Chester, Sarah Govett, aged 56 years.

On the 30th ult. Mary, wife of Thomas Brierley, aged 50 years.

On the 26th ult. Charles Richards, aged 44 years.

At Manayunk, on the 30th ultimo, Ellen Frances, daughter of Wm. and Ellen Ambler, aged 5 years.

On the 29th ult. Robert, son of John and Rebecca Kane, aged 1 year and 5 months.

On the 30th ult. James Brady, aged 15 months.

On the 28th ult. Sarah Jane, daughter of Timothy Young, aged 20 years.

On the 29th ult. Mrs. Jane P. Hill, aged 39 years.

On the 28th ult. Sophia M. Hunter, aged 3 years and 4 months.

On the 30th ult. Samuel L. son of George L. and Elizabeth A. Pedrick, aged 23 months.

On the 28th ult. Mr. Michael Farron, aged 35.

On the 28th ult. George W. Tomkin, aged 58.

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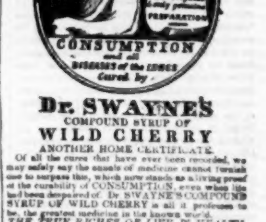

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Dr. Swayne—Dear Sir—For the good of the public, I feel myself in duty bound to testify to the great cure which your Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry performed on me. For my part, I feel as if everybody ought to know it. I was afflicted with a violent Cough, Spitting of Blood, Night Sweats, Hoarseness, and soreness of the voice indicating an alarming state of disease; my appetite was gone, and my strength had so far failed me, that my friends and physician were persuaded I could not survive many days. My sister, who was my anxious care-taker, made inquiry where she would be likely to procure the most certain relief. She was told that if Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry failed in the cure, my life was then hopeless. Your medicine was immediately procured, and the first bottle gave relief, and by the time I had commenced the six h bottle, my cough had left me and my strength was much improved. In short it has made a perfect cure of me, and I am at this present time as hearty a man as I wish, and have good reason to believe that the use of your medicine has saved me from a premature grave. I shall be pleased to give any information respecting my case. Yours, with respect,
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There have been a number of other preparations purporting to contain *Wild Cherry* put out since, from the hands of inexperience, which the public should guard against, as they contain none of the virtues of the original and only *genuine* preparation, which bears the signature of Dr. Swayne on each bottle. The present manufacturers of their puffs and false certificates have the daring effrontery to caution the public against purchasing my medicine, the only truly genuine and original preparation of Wild Cherry before the public, which is proved satisfactorily by the public records of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, as well as various other official documents. DR. H. SWAYNE.
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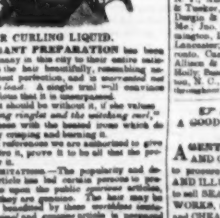

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Selected Poetry.

PICTURESQUE BALLADS OF CALIFORNIA.*

THE EAGLE HUNTER.

Storm and rain are on the mountains,
And the plains and torrents thunder,
And the black and driving shadows
Make a night along the plain!
Now the herds are grouped for shelter,
And the herdsmen wind their lassos,
Towards the distant haciendas
Speeding homeward through the rain!

From the icy Cordilleras
Crashing leap the avalanches,
By the sands of mining waters
Loosened from their lofty hold;
And the mountain sheep are scattered
By the firs and larches falling,
And the wild wolves howling gather
In the caverns dark and cold!

On the mighty summit, beaten
By the wintry sleet, I wander,
For I seek the monarch-eagle
In his eyrie of the rock;
And I shout in fierce exulting,
When his grey wing on the darkness
Of the cloud above me flashes,
Wheeling downward to the shock!

Nearer, with his keen eye burning,
And his hungry beak extended—
With a shriek of anger swooping,
Comes the storm defying bird;
Yet so steady and unswerving,
Upward flies the fatal arrow,
And his death-cry on the sweeping
Of the sounding winds is heard!

From his wing I rob the plumage,
And it crowns me like a chieftain,
And his talons stud my girdle
Like the scales of olden mail;
Never wears the wild ranchero
Such a trophy on the vega,
Or the fiery-eyed Navajo,
In the Colorado's vale!

I am come of nobler lineage,
And my realm is far above them,
Where the cradles of the rivers
Have been hollowed in the snow!
And I drink their crystal sources,
Where the Bravo and Nebraska
To their thousand leagues of travel,
O'er the desolate prairies go!

In the meeting of the thunders,
When the solid crags are shivered,
Firm and fearless and rejoicing
On the snowy peak I stand;
For my foot has learned the footing
Of the ibex on the ridges,
And my voice the stormy music
Of the lofty Mountain Land!

St. Louis, March 10, 1848. J. DE. B.

* This series of ballads, which we observe are attracting some attention as they appear from time to time in the Literary World, are credited in some of our exchange papers to "C. F. Hoffman." We have seen, upon the best authority, that this supposition is not correct.—*Ed. Lit. World.*

The Moralist.

LETTERS

FROM HON. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS TO HIS SON: ON THE BIBLE AND ITS TEACHINGS.

FROM THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

LETTER IV.

We were considering the Bible in its historical character, and as the history of a family. From the moment when the universal history finishes, that of Abraham begins, and thenceforth it is the history of a family of which Abraham is the first; and Jesus Christ the last person; and from the first appearance of Abraham, the whole history appears to have been ordered from age to age expressly to prepare for the appearance of Christ upon earth. The history begins with the first and mildest trials of Abraham's obedience, and the promise as reward of his fidelity, that in "him all the families of the earth should be blessed." The second trial, which required the sacrifice of his son, was many years afterward, and the promise was more explicit, and more precisely assigned as the reward of his obedience. There were between these periods two intermediate occasions, recorded in the 15th and 16th chapters of Genesis—on the first of which, the word of the Lord came to Abraham in a vision and promised him he should have a child, from whom a great and mighty nation should proceed, which, after being in servitude four hundred years in a strange land, should become the possessors of the land of Canaan from that of Egypt to the river Euphrates. On the second, the Lord appeared to him and his wife, repeated the promise that they should have a child, that "Abraham should surely become a great nation, and that "all the nations of the earth should be blessed in him,' "for I know him, saith the Lord, that he will command his household after him, and that they will keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment, that the Lord may bring upon Abraham, that which He hath spoken of him:" from all which it is obvious that the first of the promises was made as subservient and instrumental to the second—that the great and mighty nation was to be raised as the means in the ways of God's providence for producing the sacred person of Jesus Christ, through whom the perfect sacrifice of atonement for the original transgression of man should be consummated, and by which "all the families of the earth should be blessed." I am so little versed in controversial divinity that I know not whether this 18th chapter of Genesis has ever been adduced in support of the doctrine of Trinity; there is at least in it an alteration of three divine persons, and of one not a little remarkable which I know not how to explain: if taken in connection with the 19th, it would seem that one of the men entertained by Abraham, was God himself, and the other two were angels, sent to destroy Sodom. Leaving this, however, let me ask your particular attention to the reason assigned by God for bestowing such extraordinary blessings upon Abraham. It unfolds to us the first and most important part of the superstructure of moral principle, erected upon the foundation of obedience to the will of God. The rigorous trials of Abraham's obedience mentioned in this, and my last letter, were only tests to ascertain his character in reference to the single, and I may say abstract point of obedience, here we have a precious gleam of light, disclosing what the nature of this will of God's was, that he should command his children and his household after him; by which the parental authority to instruct and direct his descendants in the way of the Lord was given him as an authority and enjoined upon him as a duty: and the lessons which he was then empowered and required to teach his posterity were, "to do justice and judgment." Thus, Obedience to the Will of God; is the first, and all comprehensive virtue taught in the Bible, so the second is Justice and Judgment toward Mankind; and this is exhibited as the result naturally following from the other. In the same chapter is related the intercession of Abraham with God for the preservation of Sodom from destruction: the city was destroyed for its crimes, but the Lord promised Abraham it should be spared if only ten righteous should be found in it: the principle of mercy was therefore sanctioned in immediate connection with that of justice. Abraham had several children; but the great promise of God was to be performed through Isaac alone, and of the two sons of Isaac, Jacob—the youngest—was selected for the foundation of the second family and nation: it was from Jacob that the multiplication of the family began, and his twelve sons were all included in the genealogy of the tribes which afterward constituted the Jewish people. Ishmael, the children of Keturah, and Esau, the eldest son of Isaac, were all the parents of considerable families, which afterward spread into nations; but they formed no part of the chosen people, and their history, with that of the neighboring nations, is only incidentally noticed in the Bible, so far as they had relations of intercourse or hostility with the people of God. The history of Abraham and his descendants to the close of the book of Genesis is a biography of individuals: the incidents related of them are all of the class belonging to domestic life. Joseph, indeed, became a highly distinguished public character in the land of Egypt, and it was through him that his father and all his brothers were finally settled there—which was necessary to prepare for the existence of their posterity as a nation, and to fulfil the purpose which God had announced to Abraham, that they should be four hundred years dwellers in a strange land. In the lives of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and Joseph, many miraculous events are recorded; but all those which are spoken of as happening in the ordinary course of human affairs, have an air of reality about them which no invention could imitate. In some of the transactions related, the conduct of the patriarchs is highly blamable; circumstances of deep depravity are particularly told of Reuben, Simeon, Levi and Judah, upon which it is necessary to remark that their actions are never spoken of with approbation, but always with strong marks of censure, and generally with a minute account of the punishment which followed upon their transgression. The vices and crimes of the patriarchs, are sometimes alleged as objections against the belief that persons guilty of them should ever have been especially favored of God; but, vicious as they were, there is every reason to be convinced that they were less so than their cotemporaries; their vices appear to us at this day gross, disgusting and atrocious; but the written law was not then given, the boundaries between right and wrong were not defined with the same precision as in the tables given afterward to Moses; the law of Nature was the only rule of morality by which they could be governed, and the sins of intemperance, of every kind recorded in Holy Writ, were at that period less aggravated than they have been in after ages, because they were in great measure sins of ignorance. From the time when the sons of Jacob were settled in Egypt until the completion of the four hundred years, during which God had foretold to Abraham that his family should dwell there, there is a chasm in the Sacred History. We are expressly told that all the souls of Jacob which came into Egypt, were threescore and ten: it is said then that Joseph died, as did all that generation; after which nothing farther is related of their posterity than that "they were fruitful and multiplied abundantly, and waxed exceeding mighty, and the land was filled with them, until there arose a new king who knew not Joseph." On his first arrival in Egypt, Jacob had obtained a grant from Pharaoh of the land of Goshen, a place particularly suited to the pasturage of flocks: Jacob and his family were shepherds, and this circumstance was, in the first instance, the occasion upon which that separate spot was assigned to them, and, secondarily, he was the means provided by God for keeping separate two nations then residing together; every shepherd was an abomination to the Egyptians, and the Israelites were shepherds, although dwelling in the land of Egypt; therefore, the Israelites were sojourners and strangers; and by mutual antipathy toward each other, originating from their respective conditions, they were prevented from intermingling by marriage, and losing their distinctive character. This was the cause which had been reserved by the Supreme Creator, during the space of these generations and more than four centuries, as the occasion for eventually bringing them out of the land; for, in proportion as they multiplied, it had the tendency to excite the jealousies and fears of the Egyptian king—as actually happened. These jealousies and fears, suggested to him a policy of the most intolerable oppression and the most execrable cruelty towards the Israelites: not contented with reducing them to the most degraded condition of servitude, and making their lives bitter with hard bondage, he conceived the project of destroying the whole race, by ordering all the male children to be murdered as soon as they were born. In the wisdom of Providence, this very command was the means of preparing this family—when they had multiplied into a nation—for their issue from Egypt, and for their conquest of the land which had been promised to Abraham; and it was at the same time the immediate occasion of raising up the great Warrior, Legislator and Prophet, who was to be their deliverer and leader. Thenceforth, they are to be considered as a people, and their history as that of a nation. During a period of more than a thousand years, the Bible gives us a particular account of their destinies: an outline of their constitution, civil, military and religious, with the code of laws presented to them by the Deity, is contained in the books of Moses, and will afford us copious materials for future consideration. Their subsequent revolutions of government under Joshua, fifteen successive chiefs denominated Judges, and a succession of kings, until they were first dismembered into two separate kingdoms, and after a lapse of some centuries both conquered by the Assyrians and Babylonians, and at the end of seventy years partially restored to their country and their temple, constitute the remaining historical books of the Old Testament, every part of which is full of instructions. But my present purpose is only to point your attention to their general historical character. My next will contain a few remarks on the Bible as a System of Morals. In the mean time,

I remain your affectionate Father,
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

THE WINDS OF MARCH.

The winds of March are humming
Their parting song, their parting song,
And summer skies are coming,
And days grow long, and days grow long
I watch, but not in gladness,
Our garden tree, our garden tree;
It buds, in sober sadness,
Too soon for me, too soon for me
My second winter's over,
Alas! and I, alas! and I
Have no accepted lover:
Don't ask me why, don't ask me why

'Tis not asleep or idle
That love has been, that love has been;
For many a happy bridal
The year has seen, the year has seen;
I've done a bridesmaid's duty,
At three or four, at three or four;
My best bouquet had beauty,
Its donor more, its donor more.
My second winter's over, &c.

His flowers my bosom shaded
One sunny day, one sunny day;
The next, they fled and faded,
Beau and bouquet, beau and bouquet
In vain, at balls and parties
I've thrown my net, I've thrown my net;
This waltzing, watching heart is
Unchosen yet, unchosen yet.
My second winter's over, &c.

They tell me there's no hurry
For Hymen's ring, for Hymen's ring
And I'm too young to marry:
'Tis no such thing, 'tis no such thing.
The next spring tides will dawn on
My eighteenth year, my eighteenth year:
It puts me in a passion,
Oh dear, oh dear! oh dear, oh dear!
My second winter's over,
Alas! and I, alas! and I
Have no accepted lover:
Don't ask me why, don't ask me why
H.

The Horticulturist.

GARDEN WORK FOR APRIL.

FROM THE BALTIMORE AMERICAN FARMER.

This month is one in which the ground work is to be laid for propagating the majority of the vegetables which are intended for the consumption of the season, therefore, it is fitting that all who delight in the products of the kitchen garden, should make the most of their time, and with the view of assisting in the good work, we point out such things as should be promptly attended to.

Sowing Cauliflower Seed.—Those who desire to have this delicious vegetable ready for heading in October, should at once prepare a bed and sow some seed.

Cabbage Seed.—Prepare a bed and sow cabbage seed of early and late varieties, so as to secure a continuous supply, when the supply of your more early ones shall have become exhausted.

Planting out Cabbage Plants.—If you have plants ready, seize the first rainy season to set them out. In preparing your bed for their reception, do not be sparing of your manure, as the cabbage is a heavy feeder, and requires plenty of good strong manure to bring them to full perfection. Equal care will be necessary, in spading up the plot of ground, good tilth being indispensable to their successful culture.

Sowing Brussels Sprouts Seed.—If you did not take our advice last month and sow a small bed of these for sprouts, do so now.

Sowing Broccoli Seed.—Sow Broccoli seed. If sown early this month, and the plants be transplanted when large enough, you will have fine heads in October and November.

Peas.—Continue to drill in a few rows of peas, at intervals of two weeks, during this month and the next, and you will be able to continue your supply for your table during the summer.

Beans.—If your earlier beans are high enough to work, give them a working—and then plant more to come in when the early is done.

Lettuce.—If you have lettuce plants, set them out to head, and sow more seed.

Radishes.—You may now sow radish seed of different sorts.

Small Salading, of all kinds.—Seeds of the different kinds of small salading should be sown as early as possible, and repeated at intervals of every two weeks, so as to ensure a continued supply.

Spinach.—If you have not sown spinach seed, you may still do so, the earlier this month the better. The Savoy spinach is probably the best. When large enough, the plants should be thinned out to stand 3 or 4 inches apart.

Carrots, Parsnips, and Beets.—If not already done, prepare a bed and sow some of each of these roots.

Celery.—A small bed of celery should now be sown. If you have plants large enough, they may now be set out.

Potatoes.—If not already done, plant a bed of potatoes.

Asparagus Beds.—If not already done, fork some rotten manure into your asparagus bed, clean off the rubbish, and strew salt over it, sufficient to whiten the soil.

Sowing Onion Seed.—Onion seed, if sown early this month, and properly attended to, will come to a tolerably sized bulb.

Leeks.—Sow leek seed, the earlier the better.

Onion Bulbs.—These should have been planted out last month, but may still be set out.

Garlic, Shallots, and Chives.—Set these out.

Early Turnips.—If not done, sow a bed of either the Early Flat Dutch, or Early Yellow.

Salsify or Vegetable Oyster.—Sow the seed of this popular vegetable, early this month. Prepare a bed by liberally manuring, thoroughly digging and nicely raking. Make your drills 6 inches asunder, 1 inch deep, rake the soil over the seed so as to cover them an inch, and finish by patting down the earth over the seed with the back of your spade. Thin out the plants so as to stand 4 inches apart, keep them clean and the ground clean.

Medicinal and Culinary Herbs.—The seeds of these may now be sown, or the roots set out.

Artichokes.—The seed of these may still be sown.

Horse Radish.—If you did not plant out a bed of this healthful root last month, do so early this. No garden should be without a supply of it. Besides being one of the best condiments for the viands of the table, it is one of the very best things out of which a syrup for colds can be made.

Rhubarb or Pie Plant.—The seed of this excellent pie plant may be sown, if done early this month. It may, too, be still propagated by offsets.

Nasturtium.—Sow the seeds of these in drills, as for Peas, and when the plants are six inches high they should have sticks placed for them to run upon—or they may be sown on a border, and trailed by strings upon the palings—when the sites of pods they make a pickle very like Capers.

Okra.—Now is the time to sow the seed of this favorite Carolina vegetable. Prepare a bed, by manuring, digging and raking—draw drills 4 feet apart, and drop the seed 6 inches asunder—when the plants are 6 inches high, draw the earth up to them—and continue to work and keep them clean.

Red Peppers.—Towards the end of this month sow the seed of these, to produce plants to set out about the end of May.

Tomatoes and Egg Plants.—The seed of these much admired vegetables may still be sown on a warm border, though it would have been better that they had been done last month.

Cucumbers, Melons and Squashes.—The seed of these, in warm situations, may be planted, in open culture, the last of this month.

Fruit Trees.—When the trees have not burst into leaf, they may be planted within the first ten days of this month. Care must be observed in planting them, and as much afterwards, in dry weather, in watering them.

Pruning should be finished the first week in this month.

Raspberries.—New plantations of these may be made, if done the first week in this month—it will be necessary, however, to keep them well watered in times of drought, until they thoroughly take root.

Strawberry Beds.—Those who are anxious about the size of their fruit, may have their anxiety gratified by watering their strawberry beds every few days, keeping down the weeds, and clearing away the runners. One or two waterings with *horse dung tea* will greatly increase the size of the fruit. A bushel of dung will make a hogshead of tea, and may serve to be filled up a second time. In the application of this tea, the nozzle of the watering pot should be held *low*, so as not to wash the farina out of the flowers.

Grape Vine Cuttings, may still be transplanted.

Hardy Evergreens may be planted out the beginning of this month, but care observed to water them, the branches as well as the earth, every few days when there is a drought.

Shrubbery, where the leaves have not bursted out, may be planted out this month—*if possible* within the first ten days.

Flower Seeds may now be sown.

Box Edgings may now be set out.

Rose Bushes, and other flowering shrubs, may be planted the first week of this month; but care must be taken to water them, the limbs as well as roots, whenever the weather is dry.

We wish also to impress upon our lady readers these important truths—that in all times of drought, they must *make* their gardeners liberal in the use of the watering pot, as well upon their seed and plant beds, as upon their shrubbery and other plants—that whenever they may discover cabbage or other plants putting on a sickly appearance, or infested with vermin, that they should forthwith have them watered with a decoction of soot and sulphur:—1 lb. of Flour of Sulphur and 1 quart of Soot, will make 10 gallons of decoction sufficiently strong. The soot and sulphur must be put into a small bag and have *boiling water* poured over it—when cool, the decoction will be fit to use—two or three gentle waterings with this, will generally cleanse and restore the plants to health.

With the hope that the gardens of all our patrons may be the pride of their owners, and produce in abundance, we make our monthly adieu.

Humorous Sketch.

HONOR BRIGHT.

A FACT.

Uncle Zekiel had a pair of fat oxen to sell, and one day he said:

"I mean to drive my oxen down to Brighton myself, and sell um."

"You'd better not," said Si, says he, "you'd better send me, father, for you know I can make a sharp bargain; but they'll make you believe the moon's made of green cheese, down there."

"No, no, Siah," says Uncle Zeke, says he, "I know what I'm about, and don't want a gardeen, yet," says he.

Well, one morning Uncle Zeke started, bright and airly, with his fat oxen, and off he went. He didn't get home till next day but one, and as soon as we see him coming up the hill, we all begun to ask him questions about his trade; but Uncle Zeke didn't answer till he got ready, and when he got ready, says he:

"I sold um for sixty dollars," says he.

"Have you got the cash with you?" says Si.

"No, Siah," says Uncle Zeke, "I havn't."

"Who did you sell um to?" says Uncle Ethan.

"I don't know the man's name," says Uncle Zeke.

"Why, can't you take out the note and read it?" says Si, says he.

"I havn't got no note," says Uncle Zeke.

"What security have you got, then?" says Si, says he, and his eye began to look pretty big.

"The security I've got is good security enough for me," says Uncle Zekiel, says he, "the man said he'd meet me a fortnight from to-day, at the Four Corners, and pay me sixty dollars in silver."

"Where does the man live?" says Uncle Ethan.

"I don't know," says Uncle Zekiel.

We all begun to laugh but Si, and he didn't look by no means as pleasant as new cider. At last, says he—

"Well, father," says he, not very slow, "this beats all you ever done before," says he, "you've gin away your fat oxen to a man that you don't know, and you hain't got nothing to show for it."

"Wait til a fortnight from to-day," says Uncle Zekiel, "the man looked like an honest man, and I believe he is an honest man. He said he would meet me at the Four Corners and pay the money: and I believe he'll do it," said he.

Si didn't say another word, but he turned on his heel and went straight off to the barn, looking as if he didn't want to play.

Poor Uncle Zekiel was laughed at all over the hill for his trade, and every time one of the K****,' met him, they called out—

"Well, Uncle Zekiel, have you got your sixty dollars yet?"

"Just you wait," says Uncle Zeke, says he.

Well, when the time come round, Uncle Zekiel went down to the Four Corners for his money. We kept a pretty good look out, and when he came back we went down the hill, a little piece to meet him. Si says to him, with a scornful kind of laugh, says he—

"Well, father, your honest man met you at the Four Corners, and paid you the sixty dollars in silver I suppose."

"Yes, he did, Siah," says Uncle Zekiel, and with that he pulls a bag of dollars out of one side of his saddlebags, and then pulls another bag of dollars out of the other side.

"Yes, he did, Siah," says Uncle Zeke, again, "here is the money. He looked like an honest man, and he was an honest man; but I'd rather be cheated a little now and then, than to be always suspecting every fellow creature, as you are, Siah."—*Yankee Blade.*

For Housekeepers.

OLD SCRAPS FOR YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

SELECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In early childhood, you lay the foundation of poverty or riches, in the habits you give your children. Teach them to save every thing—not for their *own* use, for that would make them selfish, but for *some* use. Teach them to *share* every thing with their playmates; but never allow them to *destroy* any thing.

Economy is generally despised as a low virtue, tending to make people ungenerous and selfish. This is true of avarice; but it is not so of economy. The man who is economical, is laying up for himself the permanent power of being useful and generous. He who thoughtlessly gives away ten dollars, when he owes a hundred more than he can pay, deserves no praise,—he obeys a sudden impulse, more like instinct than reason:—it would be real charity to check this feeling; because the good he does may be doubtful, while the injury he does his family and creditors is certain. True economy is a careful Treasurer in the service of benevolence; and where they are united, respectability, prosperity and peace will follow.

If men would have women economical, they must be so themselves! What motive is there for patient industry, and careful economy, when the savings of a month are spent in some useless and selfish gratification, and more than the value of a much desired, but rejected dress is expended during the stay of a new set of comedians?

Make your own bread and cake. Some people think it just as cheap to buy of the baker and confectioner; but it is not half as cheap. True, it is more convenient; and therefore the rich are justifiable in employing them; but those who are under the necessity of being economical, should make convenience a secondary object. In the first place, confectioners make their cake richer than people of moderate income can afford to make it; in the next place, your domestic or yourself may just as well employ your own time, as to pay them for theirs.

WASHINGTON CAKE.

1½ pound of flour, 1 pound sugar, 10 ounces butter, 4 eggs, ½ pint milk, 1 teaspoonful saleratus, 1 teaspoonful cinnamon, 1 nutmeg.

APEAS.

1 pound white sifted sugar, 1 pound butter, 1 gill water, 3 pounds flour, ½ gill rose water.

LIGHT SPICED GINGERBREAD.

1 quart molasses, ½ pound butter, 1 ounce saleratus (dissolved in one gill of milk), ½ pound ginger, 3 ounces coriander seed, 2 ounces allspice;—make it a moderate sized dough, bake in a moderate oven.

DOUGH NUTS.

Take 1 pint of flour, ½ pint of sugar, 3 eggs, a piece of butter as big as an egg, and a teaspoonful of dissolved pearl-ash, boil them in butter or lard.

PETER PAUL RUBENS.

THE LUCKY MISHAP.

A TRUE STORY OF ANTHONY VAN DYKE IN THE STUDIO OF RUBENS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Oh, my dear Ruys!" exclaimed about a dozen young men, (one afternoon in the month of June, 1616,) to an old domestic occupied in grinding colors in an anti-chamber of one of the most beautiful houses in Antwerp, "My dear Ruys! open the master's studio for us, we beg you."

"I have promised myself that I would not, gentlemen," replied Ruys, shaking his head, "and what I promise myself I always perform."

"You keep your word to yourself, then, better than to others," replied one of the young men, sarcastically: "for I have heard that every day you swear to your wife that you will drink no more beer, and every evening you are brought home with your stomach so full that your wits and your legs both fail you."

"Pshaw! pshaw! all that is nonsense, all of it, Master Diepenbeke; and even if it were true, what does it prove, I ask you; what have beer, my wife, my head and legs to do with the studio of my lord Rubens?"

"Well, then, Master Ruys," shouted another young man, in the old domestic's ears, "open this door—what are you afraid of?"

"Afraid of, Master Van Dyke, afraid of!" replied the old man, drawing himself up, "I have seen service at sea, in my youth, I suppose you know, and any man who has served at sea is no coward, you understand? A man who has seen death face to face, as I see you, gentlemen; who became every day more acquainted with it—"

"I shall not compliment you on your acquaintance," replied Van Dyke, "but we wish to make acquaintance with Master Rubens's manner of proceeding, and in order to do so, it is necessary to study his sketches, his manner of sketching, of conducting his works until they are done; you see, Ruys, this is why we wish you to open our master's private studio."

"Really, Master Van Dyke," replied the servant, without stirring, "if you and all these gentlemen had only such laudable motives, I should be quite willing to satisfy you, but you see—I know you; when you once get in, it is no longer that; instead of working and studying, you play, you put every thing in disorder, you respect nothing, nothing; only yesterday that little plaster statue, a Grecian, or Roman, or Antwerp Venus, I don't know which, was broken by you, and I had to tell Master Rubens that it was the wind. 'The wind?' said he, 'it was suffocatingly warm yesterday, not so much as a breath of wind.' I had not thought of that. Indeed, he thinks it is I who have broken it. I, his domestic. What idea, gentlemen, what idea do you think my master will have of my character? Besides, only yesterday I heard him complain of my petulance, I who am lame, and who have the rheumatism over half my body. No, really, gentlemen, you abuse my kindness, I cannot open the door."

Then there began a concert of entreaties from all the pupils.

"Oh, my dear Ruys! Oh, darling Ruys! come let us in. Here, I'll give you a bundle of cigars for the key."

"Here, I will give you my tobacco pipe of white talc for the key."

Then, as if by mutual consent, a general cry was heard,

"The key! the key! the key!"

And while Ruys, stunned by their cries, was stopping his ears, the pupils, perceiving the end of a key sticking out of the pocket of the old man's doublet, seized hold of it and opened the door of the studio. This was done so quickly that before Ruys had heard the key in the door, half the pupils had entered.

"My dear gentlemen," exclaimed the poor fellow, addressing first one and then another, "through pity for me, I beg you to respect every thing here; look, but do not touch any thing. You will promise, won't you?"

But no one replied, one was looking at a picture, another at a sketch, a third was absorbed in the contemplation of the fresh colors on the palette, which Rubens had just left. Several, grouped before an easel, were admiring a fresh canvas, on which was represented a Saint Magdalen and a Holy Virgin, praying at the foot of the cross.

Silent admiration occupied all. Seeing this, and how quiet and serious all the pupils were, Ruys ceased speaking. He was going towards the door, when a sudden thought caused him to return, and approaching a young man, with an olive complexion, and whose physiognomy expressed at the same time the fire of youth and of genius, he whispered in his ear—

"My lord Van Dyke, I beg you, as you are the most serious, the most reasonable of the school, to have your eye on the young fools—will you do so?"

Van Dyke having promised with a charming smile, to do as he wished, the old domestic concluded to depart.

The studio of Rubens looked out on the finest place in Antwerp. It was gay and spacious, and the pupils came there as much to see the people of fashion on the promenade, as to find out the secrets of the great master's pencil.

For a moment, it is justice to confess that their conduct was exemplary, occupied with what they saw, thinking only of the art for which they were destined, they tranquilly discussed such a tone of flesh, such an effect of drapery, such a color, on such a subject, as gravely, I assure you, as old people whose brain age had cooled and whose limbs it had weakened. It was really exemplary, to see all their young faces, so grave and so serious.

"What a great painter is Rubens," said one.

"What a brilliant career," added another.

"Do you know, gentlemen, remarked a third, that it is very rare to present at the same time as Rubens does, the artist in the great lord, and the great lord in the artist."

"My father," said Van Dyke, "related to me how when Rubens was Ambassador at Venice, one day, at the table of the Prince of Kaunitz, the Minister of the Emperor of Austria, a lord hearing some one boast of the paintings of Rubens, said to a guest, placed near him—'This Rubens is, then, an Ambassador who amuses himself with painting?' Casanova replied, 'Your excellency is mistaken, he is a painter who amuses himself with being Ambassador.'"

During this conversation, Richard having left the group, perceived in a corner an elastic ball, forgotten, doubtless, by some one of them the evening before; he picked it up, and without thinking of any thing but working his arms, which the toil of the morning had stiffened, he threw his ball up in the air, catching it adroitly as it fell.

Once it fell to the ground.

"How awkward you are," cried he, at whose feet it had fallen, taking it and throwing it at the face of Richard. He, however, eluded the blow, and picking up the ball threw it back again.

The game now went on according to rule.

Soon every one wished to take part in it, and especially Diepenbeke, who was uncommonly skillful in this game.

In a few moments, in the midst of the game, heated by action, and by the desire of surpassing each other, behold my young friends entirely forgetting where they are, without respect for the art of which Rubens's studio was the sanctuary, without regard for the master-pieces which surrounded them, they jump, run and knock against one another, in short, no one could tell how the thing happened, but Diepenbeke, pushed by no one knows who, fell on—guess what—on the easel of Rubens, the easel fell, the canvass with it, and upon the canvass fell Diepenbeke at full length.

He gets up, a cry of grief escapes from all. The beautiful Magdalen's arm was effaced, and the Holy Virgin had her cheek and chin rubbed out.

Silence and consternation succeed the noisy mirth of the pupils.

"Oh! gentlemen, what have we done," exclaimed they, looking fearfully at each other.

"We are lost," said Richard.

"Without doubt, the master will expel us all from the school to-morrow."

"One thing is certain," said another, "that is, that I shall not wait for my dismissal, I shall take it beforehand."

"And I, too," said his neighbor.

"And where will you go, gentlemen," cried Van Dyke, "where will you go to find a second master like Rubens? No, there is no choice, and were we to be exposed to all his anger, we must remain."

"He is not over-tender," said Diepenbeke.

"He is not over-gentle," added another.

"As for me, his look makes me tremble," said Richard.

"And the tone of his voice when raised above its usual pitch, freezes me," sadly added Van Dyke.

"Heavens! what shall we do! what shall we do!" said all, with an air of consternation.

"Put every thing back as before," said Richard, "and retire without saying anything."

"Fie," said Van Dyke, "and let him accuse poor Ruys, let him be dismissed perhaps, and have on our consciences the unhappiness of a poor old man to reproach us; it is not a broken plaster cast, or we might replace it with money. It is part of a master-piece, rubbed out; and where is the brush, tell me, that can repaint what Rubens has painted?"

"But what are we to do, what can we do?" sighed the sad voice of Diepenbeke.

"Await our destiny, and bear it, since we have deserved it," replied Van Dyke.

"Gentlemen, a thought strikes me," cried the youngest of the party, "we have done the evil, it must be repaired, let one of us set to work and try, myself if you wish?"

"You, Cohen," said his neighbor, scornfully; "you can scarcely hold a brush, my poor fellow."

"Good-will will accomplish the rest, James," replied Cohen.

"As if good will replaced talent," replied Diepenbeke. "However, Cohen's advice is not bad: let one of us set about it, but let it be the most skillful."

"And who is he?" demanded they, looking at each other.

With one voice they exclaimed, "It is Van Dyke."

"I!" said Van Dyke, frightened at the task his companions imposed upon him.

"Yes, you," replied all, "you are the ablest, you have three hours before you, courage, my friend, and save us."

Stunned by this determination, Van Dyke took, with a trembling hand, the palette they handed to him, chose his brushes, but when about to touch so beautiful a work, he stopped himself.

"What audacity," said he, fixing his eye on his companions grouped around him.

"Go on, go on, Van Dyke," answered they, joining their hands, "all our hope is in you, you alone can repair the damage, do go on then."

With a heart palpitating with emotion, Van Dyke at last yielded to the desires of his friends, he seated himself before the easel, and with a timid but confident hand began his work; the more he feared the anger of his master, the more efforts he made to prove himself his equal.

"Only three hours of daylight," said he, "and I must try to redeem the freshness and youth of Rubens's flesh tints, this brilliant coloring, his purity of touch. Good God help me."

The Magdalen's arm is at last done; the praises of his friends encourage him; he set about doing the cheek of the Virgin, and her chin, day closed, and his task is finished. Van Dyke rises from his chair bathed in perspiration.

One of the greatest difficulties is vanquished, but, on the morrow, what will Rubens say, when he perceives the fraud?

None of the pupils slept that night, that is certain.

"Well, I am pleased with you," said Ruys to the pupil who returned to him the key. "I have been about two hours in the ante-chamber of the studio, and I have not heard you any more than if you had not been there; this is exemplary conduct, and you are as discreet as little plaster saints."

No one smiled at the simplicity of the old servant, and all went away full of care; the same sadness shaded their brows as they returned the next day to work.

The entry of Rubens into the school caused them to experience a sensation of agony, but the master's face was joyful.

"He knows nothing as yet," murmured they to each other, "and they took courage for the time."

Rubens went from easel to easel, encouraging one, counselling another, reproaching a third.

Suddenly he addressed the whole school.

"Gentlemen," said he to them, "I am going to show you my painting, my church painting I am doing for a cardinal's chapel, follow me."

A sudden chill ran through the veins of every scholar; however, they got up and followed their master in silence. When they reached Rubens's studio, the latter went directly up to the picture of the Magdalen and pointed with his finger to the work which he thought he had done the evening before, exclaiming,

"This is not the worst thing I have done in my life. Look! Look!"

But suddenly he stops, approaches the picture hastily, looks at it, rubs his eyes, and looks again.

The moment was terrible. One might have opened a vein of any one of the pupils without drawing a single drop of blood.

"This is singular," said Rubens, gazing at the parts repaired by Van Dyke. "It is mine, and it is not mine. It is admirably painted, I must confess, but a strange hand has been at my work."

And turning towards the pupils, the consternation painted on their faces discovered to him part of the truth.

"You came here yesterday to my studio," said he so quickly, that no one could guess whether it was anger, or not which thus quickened the tones of his voice. "You touched everything, like young fools as you are, a misfortune happened to you, is it not true? But speak, answer me. This picture has been partially effaced, and some one of you has repaired the damage. Will you answer? By the soul of my grand-father who died in the Holy Land,—you enrage me with your silence. Tell me, which one of you has done this, has repaired the accident? Well, nobody says a word," added the master, regarding each of the pupils alternately. "Why does he not answer? What does he fear? That I will scold him? I would sooner embrace him, for this is sublime who ever did it. I will proclaim him to-day my protege, my successor, who ever has done these flesh tints. Gentlemen, who ever has done this coloring shall be our common master, it is I, Rubens, who say it. Well, his name?"

"VAN DYKE!" cried all the scholars, opening a space to allow Van Dyke to come forward. He, however, drew back, blushing.

"Van Dyke," repeated Rubens, extending his hand to his young pupil, "I might have guessed it, Bravo! my young friend. Vive Dieu! you can leave me now—I can teach you nothing more—nothing—nothing. You must set out for Italy, now, my boy—go and study under the great masters—at Rome, at Florence, at Venice. I have only one counsel to give you—it will be the last. There are people who imagine that portrait painting dishonors the brush of an artist. Far from it, my boy—a well-painted portrait has its merit, and that merit will be yours. I proclaim you now and ever the prince of portrait painting. The head is the part in which you excel. Gentlemen," added Rubens, "I pardon your folly in favor of the reparation."

Seeing every one go out so happy, so contented from the studio of the master, and the master himself familiarly supporting himself on Van Dyke's shoulder, old Ruys said aside to himself,

"My remonstrances have had their effect—the patron is complimenting them on their discreet behaviour. The nice young men! I will not refuse the key to them again—no indeed."

Van Dyke was then seventeen years old; born in 1599, his father, a painter on glass, had taught him the first principles of drawing, and had then placed him at Henry Van Palen's. It was on leaving him that Anthony Van Dyke, having made great progress under this master, solicited and obtained the honor of being admitted into Rubens's school.

On quitting Rubens, and before starting for Italy, Van Dyke, wishing to show his gratitude to his master, painted three historical pictures, which he gave him. Rubens decorated the principal niches of his apartment with them, and pleased himself with showing them off as the finest pictures in his collection.

Already worthy himself to be counted among the great painters, Van Dyke did not disdain studying the great colorists at Venice, and copying the works of Titian and Paul Veronese. He also worked at Rome and at Genoa, then returned to his country, where he gained much applause by his admirable painting of Saint Augustine in ecstacy. The canons of Courtray having ordered of him a picture for the great altar of the Church, he painted a Christ on the Cross. When the artist brought his work home, the principal ran to see it, and the monks, who knew more about works of charity than works of art, pronounced the painting detestable, and the artist a mere dauber.

Van Dyke, nevertheless, had his picture placed and was paid for it, but disgusted at being thus judged, he went to the Hague, where he painted the Prince of Orange, all his family, the lords of the court, the ambassadors, the richest merchants, and even strangers who made journeys to the Hague expressly to be painted by him. The same success followed him to England, where he was employed by Charles the First, a prince friendly to the arts. Overloaded with orders, he was obliged to limit himself to portrait painting. He gained all he wished. However, he did not grow rich, as he kept open house, had many servants, and opened his purse to all his friends, and to all those who called themselves such; besides which, he gave himself up to alchemy, and saw evaporate in crucibles the gold which his pencil procured him.

He married the daughter of Lord Ruthven, of an illustrious house in Scotland; but his wife brought him no other dowry than her high birth and beauty. He died of consumption, in 1641, aged forty-two years. His widow collected a considerable sum from the wrecks of his fortune.

The Museum of the Louvre possesses several pictures by Van Dyke, and a great number of portraits.

Selected Articles.

LONELY AGE.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

The gate is swinging from the hasp,
The garden plot shrinks, less and less,
'Mid weed and seed, and things that clasp
All beauty in their hideousness;
The wildness seems to grow and grow,
However late or long I strive;
There's nothing blooms! It was not so
When Ellen was alive!

The neighbors for a time were kind,
And rarely passed without a word,
But they who grieve have friends to find,
And sorrow tires when often heard!
So by another road they go
Across the brook, beyond the hive,
And few come near;—it was not so
When Ellen was alive!

THE YOUNG IDOLATER.

Rousseau wished Emile not to hear of God, until his education was completed, and therefore it was necessary to exclude him from the world, lest even the name of God should reach his ear. All the while Rousseau counted for nothing the language of the heavens and of the earth, and the tendencies and wants of the human heart, which go forth to meet the God whom the universe proclaims. System-mongers, enamored of their own devices, forget that nature within us and without will not shape herself to their ideas, but laughs them to scorn, whilst she defies their prohibitions and frustrates their plans. Rousseau only wrote a romance, and did not try the experiment; but a German philosopher has done so. M. Sintenis reduced to practice the fiction of the author of *Emile*. He had lived in a town and he retired to a small property in the country. He was in affliction at the death of a young wife whom he had tenderly loved, and who had left him but one only child—a boy, in early infancy. He educated this child himself, in complete seclusion, and contrived that he should never either hear or read the name of the Deity.—His motive in this was twofold: he dreaded, like Rousseau, that his pupil should conceive a false idea of the Almighty, if it was conveyed to him before the development of his mind; and on the other hand, he wished to try an experiment which he had much at heart. The philosophers and theologians of his country were discussing a subject which is not unimportant in the knowledge of human nature; the question, viz.: Whether man is born with an innate idea of God, or not. In this, as too often happens in all such discussions, they had neglected to define with precision what was to be understood by an *innate idea* of the Deity. Did it mean a complete knowledge to which nothing need be added? If so, experience was at hand to prove that this idea, the most sublime as well as the most important that man can conceive, never can precede in our minds the elements of which it is composed. But if this innate idea was nothing more than a natural disposition to rise towards the author of the universe in order to account for its origin, to intrust its government to Him, and to commit our destinies into His hands, together with the tribute of our gratitude, then was experience again at hand to attest that such is the truth; and this is the answer which M. Sintenis obtained in educating his son according to Rousseau's plan.—The boy, as he himself tells us, had no intercourse whatever with any one but his father. The lessons were generally given out of doors, amidst all the beautiful phenomena of nature, which were the main subject of them. Lessons in Latin were added to these in the mother-tongue, and for a long time they were entirely oral, as the pupil did not learn to read till late. At ten years of age he had never heard or read the name of God. In the absence of the name, however, the want of the reality had been keenly felt by the child. He thought he had found it in the sun. As this splendid orb appears daily to run its glorious race in order to impart light and heat and benefits innumerable, the child did not hesitate to consider it as a living being, as had all heathen antiquity before him. He kept silence on this point, for it was his secret, and daily, in fine weather, he used to repair mysteriously to the garden in order to watch for the rising of the orb of day, and pay to it the homage of his praise. Never did Vestal, as he has since said, offer up to it worship more sincere, more cordial, or more pure.

His father suspected him, and broke in upon the young idolater, when on his knees, with arms uplifted, he was pouring forth his prayers and his thanksgivings to the God of his imagination. The father then saw that the time was come, to raise the thoughts of his son from the creature towards the Creator; so he gave him lessons in astronomy, and taught him that all the fixed stars shining in their own lustre are so many suns scattered over the immense expanse of the heavens. This discovery carried consternation into the heart of the child, for he knew not where now to deposit his thoughts, his gratitude, and his desires. To comfort him, his mentor at last spoke to him of the Great Spirit, the Ruler and Master of the universe.

By this systematic education, the father had solved the great problem of the philosophers of his country—he had also ascertained that human nature, while untainted by the world, seeks after God, after one God alone, and that when without a guide, it searches for Him among the objects which excite the most lively admiration; and that it therefore turns to the orb of day, before whose brightness the stars cease from shining; to that orb which is pre-eminently the benefactor of all the inhabitants of the earth. Thence arose the worship of the sun in ancient times; that worship which we have found again more recently in the most favored parts of America, in the peaceful and prosperous states of the Incas. The experiment which the father tried upon his son is deserving of attention in the world of science; but it cost dear to the poor child, who had rejoiced in his God, and who endured the agony of being bereft of Him. Had his fond mother lived, she would never have ventured on so cruel an experiment.

Wit and Humor.

A LOVE-LETTER IN RHYME.

To thee, dear Nancy,—thee, my sweeting,
Your Jacob sends these few lines greeting,—
With thee, by all the powers above,
I'm over head and ears in love!
Young Cupid took his station sly
In one bright corner of your eye,
And from his bow let fly a dart,
Which pierc'd my ribs and hit my heart—
Opened a way so clear and wide,
It's quite deranged my inward side;
Indeed, so restless have I grown,
I cannot bear to live alone.
By day and night I always fancy
I'd like to walk and talk with Nancy.
In thee, dear sweet-heart, I behold
More tempting charms, by far, than gold—
Nor would the world without you, be
A world of any worth to me.
Goodness, when beaming from your eyes,
Far more than orbs of corn I prize;
And thy sweet smile, howe'er protracted
Would make me with delight distracted
Cotton, when gin'd and neatly press'd,
Is not so fair as your white breast;
Nor is tobacco half so sweet
To those who love the weed to eat,
As your ruby lips to one
Who longs to press them to his own.
Then, Nancy, take me unto you,
I'll prove forever kind and true—
My love shall last so long, no doubt
Savannah's stream shall first run out—
And when death comes to put us under,
And cut our marriage knot asunder,
I'd strive to die the day that you do,
And thus we'll leave the world so few do.
So, if through life, with me you take up,
In death I'll still be your dear Jacob!

THE MARKET.—We observe that articles of consumption continue to be sold. The world is not yet so far reformed as to give away articles. The current prices of goods are quoted as follows:—

Wool—Holders look rather sheepish. Great quantities used for bustles during the winter, which will not be wanted in warm weather, as bran and straw are used then.

Brass Knockers—In great demand, as many were worn out on New Year's Day by people making calls.

Hasty Pudding—Makes some stir.

Cows—Many who have tasted of the milk complain that these animals give milk which is half water.

Horses—Several have been bought up for the beef and pork market.

WALTER SCOTT.—Walter Scott does not seem to have been the fool at school, which some have stated. Once, a boy in the same class was asked by the "dominie," what part of speech "with" was.

"A noun, sir," said the boy.

"You young blockhead," cried the pedagogue, "what example can you give of such a thing?"

"I can tell you, sir," interrupted Scott, "you know there's a verse in the Bible which says, 'they bound Sampson with withs.'"

KISSING BY TELEGRAPH.

It will be gratifying to those kissing ladies of this city, who did not get a chance at Mr. Clay's lips during his visit here, to know that kissing can be done by telegraph, provided you can excite your imagination sufficiently. A few nights since, a young fellow who had been out to supper, was found by a policeman, in an exceedingly affectionate position with one of the posts that support the telegraph wires.

"Hello, what are you hugging that post for?" said the policeman, "you needn't be wasting your sweetness in that are manner, on that deserted post."

"Hold your tongue," said the young fellow, hiccupping, "I ain't doing any harm—I'm only kissing Mary."

"Well, you're a queer chap," said the official, "Mary, I should think, would feel flattered—there ain't any thing odorous in that comparison, any how."

"Oh, come! I'm not so drunk as that," said the man, making an effort to straighten himself, "I'm sending it to her to Philadelphia!"

"What, kissing a lady in Philadelphia?" and the officer looked as though he suspected the fellow was humbugging him.

"To be sure," he replied, "I was kissing her by telegraph."—*Island City.*

CONFESSION OF AN IRISH PEASANT.

Luke M'Geoghan being at confession, owned, among other things, that he had stolen a pig from Tim Carrol. The Priest told him he must make him restitution. Luke couldn't;—how could he, when he had eaten it long ago? Then he must give Tim one of his own. No; Luke didn't like that—it wouldn't satisfy his conscience,—it would not be the downright identical pig he stole. Well, the Priest said if he wouldn't, he'd rue it, for that the *corpus delictum*, Tim's pig, would be brought forward against him at his final reckoning. "You don't mane that, father?" Indeed, but the father did. "And may be Tim himself will be there, too?" "Most certainly." "Och, then, why bother about the trifle *this side* of the grave? If Tim's there, and the pig's there, sure I can make restitution to him *then*, you know."—*Monthly Magazine.*

EPIGRAM.

ADDRESSED TO MISS EDGEWORTH.

We every-day Bards may "Anonymous" sign:
That refuge, Miss Edgeworth, can never be thine;
Thy writings, where satire and moral unite,
Must bring forth the name of their author to light.
Good and bad join in telling the source of their birth,
The bad own their *Edge*, and the good own their *worth*.

PRIZE PROBLEMS, BY PUNCH.—If five and a half yards make a perch, how many will make a trout?

If two hogsheads make a pipe, how many will make a cigar?

If sixty seconds make a minute, how many minutes make a bottle-holder?

If two gallons will make one peck, how many will make one thirsty?

If sixteen drachms make a pennyweight, how many will make a creditor wait?

BUTTER versus OIL.—Mr. C——, from Normandy, and Mr. A——, a native of Provence, were arguing on the comparative merits of butter and oil, and had exhausted their eloquence upon the subject, when the Provencal said to the other—"Ah, but do they anoint Kings with butter?"

Butter was silenced, and the victory was awarded to oil.

THE PROPOSAL.

A worthy young lover once sought for his bride
A dame of the blue stocking school;
"Excuse me, good sir, but I've vowed," she replied,
"That I never would marry a fool!"
"Then think not of wedlock," he answered, "my fair;
Your vow was Diana's suggestion,
Since none but a fool, it is easy to swear,
Would venture to ask you the question."

Agricultural.

AGRICULTURAL SCIENCE.

FROM THE BOSTON CULTIVATOR.

The suggestion of dissolving bones in sulphuric acid, for the purpose of manure, and thereby rendering them more readily available to the plants, was first conceived by Prof. Leibig. This theory met with much ridicule from some persons in England, and was stigmatized as "a bubble that would burst, and be dissipated into thin air." But scores upon scores of carefully conducted experiments within the past five years, have fully settled the question. Said Mr. Pusey, one of the most eminent members of the Royal Agricultural Society, "the discovery would enable us to realize the most important saving ever yet held out in the use of manure."

And Mr. Colman, in his third report upon European Agriculture, *admits* "the application of sulphuric acid to bones, to be a well established case of the application of chemical science to the improvement of *practical* agriculture upon scientific principles."

The great numbers of favorable experiments detailed in the "London Gardeners' Chronicle" within the past three years, most fully establishes the value and economy in the uses of super-phosphate of lime, and without doubt similar good results would be obtained from the use of it here.

Most farmers in England purchase the ground bone and the acid and prepare it themselves, although there are many regular manufacturers of super-phosphate of lime.

I have read of several methods of dissolving the ground bone. Perhaps the following is as good as any,—the ground bone is put into large tubs, and wet with water, then one person turns in the acid, while another briskly stirs it; when it has become reduced to a pulpy mass, it is mixed with peat or wood ashes—or loam, and occasionally shovelled over, till it is dry enough to drill in. The quantity of acid is from 33 to 50 pounds to 100 pounds of bones. The rationale of this is, bone in its natural state is very insoluble—but by dissolving it in sulphuric acid, double decomposition takes place, that is, one half the lime of the bone combines with the sulphuric acid and forms gypsum, the other part unites with a double portion of phosphoric acid, and bi- or super-phosphate of lime is the result, a state of lime that is very soluble in water, and immediately available to the young turnips.

But the handling of carboys of oil of vitriol, might prove rather an awkward affair in the hands of the inexperienced and unskillful, and perchance they might get their fingers burned, if nothing worse.

The fine bone dust to be obtained at the button-mould factory, wetted with warm water, and mixed with ashes a few days before using, would be sufficiently soluble without the acid—in this case, however, there is a very great escape of ammonia from the gelatine of the bone, by mixing the ashes—perhaps, if gypsum was added at the same time, it might fix a part of it.

I have experimented with a few barrels of this fine dust, obtained from the "mould factory" of Kelley & Spring, of Brighton. I have tried it upon different crops, and always with marked results. A spoonful in a hill of potatoes, at the time of planting, doubled the crop.

Drilled for the turnip crop, I have found it to produce the fairest and best ruta bagas I have ever raised; much better shaped, and milder for the table, than those raised by the use of barn manure.

In the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, vol. 6, part 2., is a paper by Mr. Pusey, M. P., on super-phosphate of lime, in which he gives the results of some experiments with bone manure, &c. Twenty bushels of bones per acre, cost 55s., produced 44½ cwt. of turnips on one fifth of an acre.

Four and a half bushels of bone and one hundred pounds sulphuric acid—cost 22s. yielded on a fifth of an acre 49½ cwt. of turnips.

Another experiment on wheat—no manure, yielded 29 bushels. Dung, 30 loads, 40 bushels; the manure cost £4 16s. 0d. Super-phosphate six cwt., cost £2 4s. 9d., yielded 53 bushels of wheat. An increase of 24 bushels of wheat by the use of 6 cwt. of super-phosphate of lime. Some writers attribute much of the good effect from the use of bone manure, to the animal matter, gelatine, oil, &c., that it contains. But burned bones and mineral phosphate of lime have been quite as efficacious as bone not deprived of its animal matter. Mineral phosphate of lime, a natural production, and has been found in several different localities, though not very abundant. It is sometimes called apatite, or phosphorite. In its chemical composition it is nearly identical with the phosphate of lime of bones.

It has been said that it existed in some parts of Spain in great abundance, from which it might be obtained in inexhaustible quantity, so as to supply the English farmers with a substitute for bone manure. In 1843, Prof. Daubeney, Professor of Chemistry at Oxford, volunteered to explore the localities in Spain, where it was said to be so abundant.

The phosphorite, the great object of the journey, was found at a place called Dogresona, in the heart of Estremadura, so far removed from the coast as to leave small hope of its being possible to export it profitably, even if it were in great abundance. But it proved to be only a vein of some six feet in thickness, and it was not all pure throughout the vein. Prof. D. was allowed to dig and carry away any quantity he liked. He took away four mule loads, of two hundred pounds each, which he brought to England, and tried carefully conducted experiments with it in comparison with other manure.

The results of some of the comparative experiments I give here, as stated in the London Agricultural Gazette of April 4th, 1846. The experiments were made upon the turnip crop, on thirteen plots of ground, all of which might be regarded as in a great measure exhausted, having been cropped for ten successive years without any kind of manure.

Unmanured, produced at the rate of 14,380 lbs. of turnip roots.

Spanish phosphorite, applied alone 10 cwt. per acre, gave 20,830 lbs. of roots per acre.

Spanish phosphorite, with sulphuric acid 11 cwt. to the acre, gave 30,600 lbs. of turnips.

Bones with sulphuric acid, 11 cwt. to the acre, yielded 31,080 lbs.

Bones finely powdered, 12 cwt. to the acre, produced 36,165 lbs.—and stable dung, 22 tons to the acre, 38,610 lbs. of turnips to the acre.

Now as the Spanish phosphorite, which appears to act so beneficially, is wholly destitute of organic matter, it seems to follow that the more valuable portion, at least, of what is applied to the land, when bones are scattered over it, is the phosphate of lime, and not, as some have supposed, the oil or gelatine. L. BARTLETT.

GREEN WOOD.

The notion of philosophers that we lose all the heat which is employed in warming the water or sap in green wood, while burning, must appear evidently erroneous to those farmers who burn green walnut and green sugar maple wood in preference to dry, because these two kinds, if no other, give out more heat both in fire places and in stoves when burned green than when dry.

It may be that white oak wood will not give out so much heat when burned green—yet we have doubts of it. But we are confident that all kinds of wood, in large piles, give out more heat on burning as soon as they are cut, than they will after lying out through the summer and partially drying there.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

A CURIOUS APPLE.

Scions of an apple tree have been received, says the Boston Cultivator, from near Ticonderoga, N. Y., where alone it is propagated, bearing a kind of apple which has neither core or seeds. The origin was as follows:—The top of a young tree was bent over and covered with earth, which took root. The tree was then cut asunder, which stopped all connexion with the natural root of the tree, and, by sprouts which sprung from the top portion of the body, a regular top was formed, which produces this fine fruit—a beautiful red, good size, very pleasant table apple in the fall.

BREADSTUFFS.

The great falling off in the shipment of breadstuffs from this country still continues, as will be seen by the following tabulary statement of the exports from New York during the first weeks in February:

	1848	1847
Flour, barrels,	12,363	154,773
Wheat, bushels,	2,460	129,841
Corn, bushels,	175,504	739,975
Rye, bushels,	none	48,170
Barley, bushels,	500	26,559
Oats, bushels,	450	10,400

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 1, 2, 8, 4, 3, is a collection of men.
My 8, 6, 4, 10, 2, is a part of the eye.
My 5, 12, 2, 8, 4, is a part of the body
My 1, 6, 10, 10, 3, is a coin.
My 11, 2, 13, is an article much used by ship builders.
My 13, 2, 4, is a small animal.
My 13, 2, 9, 10, is of much use to vegetation.
My 7, 2, 1, 12, 8, is an article found in the printing office.
My 2, 10, 4, is a small insect remarkable for industry.
My 6, 3, 12, is a part of the body the use of which the blind are deprived.
My whole is what every one who takes the Saturday Evening Post should do. H. M. D.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 10 letters.
My 1, 2, 7, 5, 8, is a city in Europe
My 2, 7, 2, 1, 5, 8, 2, is a mountain in South America.
My 3, 7, 5, 10, is a county in Missouri
My 4, 5, 7, 7, 9, is a city in Germany.
My 5, 1, 9, 7, 2, 5, is a county in Virginia
My 6, 7, 10, is a town in England
My 7, 9, 5, is a county in Illinois
My 8, 2, 9, 1, 6, 8, is a river in Europe
My 9, 7, 8, 5, is a town in Spain
My 10, 5, 8, 3, 6, 10, is a county in North Carolina
My whole was a very brave and distinguished French Marshal. J. W. MORGAN

RIDDLES.

I.

A group of men sat in a tailor's shop in the village of Jordan; three of whom were Sons of Temperance, three Odd Fellows; one that was not a Son of Temperance, and one that was not an Odd Fellow. Of this number three smoked, two chewed tobacco, and one took snuff. Of how many did this group consist—and how many abstained from the use of tobacco. W. W. H.

II.

Formed half above and half beneath the earth,
We sisters owe to art our second birth;
The smith's and carpenter's adopted daughters,
Made upon land to travel o'er the waters!
Swifter we move the tighter we are bound,
Yet neither touch the sea, nor air, nor ground.
We serve the poor for use, the rich for whim,
Sink when it rains, and when it freezes skim.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

The hold of a vessel is 120 feet long, 33 feet broad, and 6 deep; how many bales of goods, each measuring at an average, 6 feet by 4, and 2 feet deep, may be stowed in her, leaving a gangway 3 feet broad?

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is snow in Spring, like a pathetic sermon?
Ans.—Because it is melting.
☞ Why was the man who was shoved out of a meeting, like a person in want of money?
Ans.—Because he was hard pushed.
☞ Why is drunkenness, like a contract?
Ans.—Because it is a bargain, (bar-gain.)
☞ Why do you wish to transform the cholera into a coin?
Ans.—Because you wish it to be a farthing.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMAS.
WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.—CLOTHING.
CHARADE.—CONUNDRUM.
RIDDLE.—NEWSPAPER.
ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.
In fraction of a mile—1—[illegible] of a mile.
Or in fraction of an inch—[illegible] of an inch.

The Olio.

A BROTHER'S LOVE.

A brother watches with a tender pride
The budding loveliness of womanhood
Stealing the *little* sister from his side,
But leaving one more lovely still, more good—
And there is now a loftier sympathy
Usurping childhood's joys, its hopes, its tears.
Now first in its full bloomedness is felt,
A love which knows no change—which has no fears.

ONE HONEST MAN OR TWO ATTORNEYS.—We have no especial wish to bear too hard upon the lawyers, for perhaps they prove in many instances a very necessary evil; yet we can hardly resist the inclination to put on record this anecdote:—'Some years ago a suitor in the English Court of Exchequer complained in person to the chief baron that he was quite ruined, and could go no farther. 'Then,' said the baron, 'you had better leave the matter to be decided by reference.' 'To be sure I will, my lord,' said the plaintiff; 'I've been at law thirteen years, and can't get on at all. I am willing to leave it all to one honest man or two attorneys, which ever your lordship pleases?' 'You had better toss up for that,' said the baron, laughing. Two attorneys were, however, appointed, and in about a year reported that 'they could not agree.' Both parties then declared that they would leave the matter to a very honest farmer, a neighbor of theirs. They did so, and in about a week came hand-in-hand to the court, thanked his lordship, and told him 'their neighbor had settled the whole affair square and straight, to their entire satisfaction.'"

DENTON OFFUTT, THE HORSE TAMER.—This singular personage, says a late Nashville paper, has been in this city for several days, and of his wonderful skill in the management and taming of horses, hundreds can testify.

A few experiments that I saw with my own eyes, would satisfy the most incredulous. A few days since, in front of the Union Hall, a strange and wild horse, the property of Dr. Hall, of Gallatin, was presented to him for a trial of his skill, and in less than ten minutes he made him as gentle as a dog, the horse followed him wherever he went. The same horse would not permit an umbrella to be hoisted over him, but in the hands of Offutt, he soon became so familiar to an umbrella as a bridle, and would stand perfectly still, while the umbrella was not only hoisted, but rattled about his head, and struck on the face with it.

Several other cases, equally as remarkable, I could state, but the above will suffice. The great beauty of the art is its simplicity, and the short time it takes him to communicate it to others.

LOVE.—South, in one of his sermons, says love is the great instrument of nature—the bond and cement of society—the spirit and spring of the universe. Love is such an affection as cannot properly be said to be in the soul, as the soul to be in that; it is the whole man wrapt in one desire.

SONG.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

There are lovelier than the coming
Of the future flowers of spring,
When the wild bee wanders humming,
Like a blessed fairy thing;
There are lovelier than the breaking
Of the orient crimson'd morn
When the gentlest winds are shaking
The dew-drops from the thorn.

I have seen the wild flowers springing
In wood, and field, and glen,
Where a thousand birds were singing,
And my thoughts were of thee then;
For there's nothing gladsome round me,
Nothing beautiful to see,
Since thy beauty's spell has bound me,
But is eloquent of thee.

A MODERN EMBALMER.—Everybody knows M. Gannal, the most celebrated embalmer of modern times. It has become almost an honor to pass through his hands after death; it is very certain that before long it will be necessary to place, after the name and title of the deceased, *embalmed* by M. Gannal. As his business was extensive, he sent through Paris sixty or eighty thousand of his cards, as New Year's tokens, and in order to commit no blunder, did so by the aid of the directory, selecting the names of the most distinguished persons. A few days afterwards our embalmer received the following letter:

SIR—Your cards annoy me. I have received four within two days; one as a Peer of France, one as an Academician, a third as a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and a fourth as a simple individual. You count in vain upon four corpses to embalm; there will be but one, and that is not quite ready for you. Besides, I will deprive you of any profit from that by my will.

"Many thanks for your kindness,
"VIENNET."

Floricultural.

WORK FOR APRIL.

PREPARED FOR THE AMERICAN FARMER, BY S. FEAST, FLORIST.

The Flower Garden will now require particular attention—dig the borders; rake and roll the grass plots; plant and trim the shrubbery; clean and roll the gravel walks, and make all ready for the sowing of seeds of HARDY ANNUALS, &c., for blooming during Summer, and remember, an hour's work now is worth a day in Summer.

Towards the latter end of the month, if the weather be mild, VERBENAS, STOCKS, ROSES, and other half hardy plants may be transplanted to the flower garden—in the meantime give these plenty of air, and water whenever the soil appears dry.

JACOBEAN LILIES, TUBEROSES, GLADIOLUSES, and SUMMER FLOWERING BULBS, may now be planted.

TULIPS, HYACINTHS, and other Spring flowering bulbs, should be uncovered as soon as possible.

HARDY ANNUALS.—Attend to the directions given of these last month. There are many kinds that require to be sown where they are intended to remain—such as, MIGNONETTE, DWARF ROCKET LARKSPUR, POPPIES, SWEET PEAS, CONVOLVULUS MINOR, NOLANAS, FLOS ADONIS, &c.,—a list of which may be got from any experienced seedsman.

PEONIES, and other hardy HERBACEOUS PLANTS, may be transplanted with success.

DAHLIAS, (if wanted for early bloom) should be attended to as directed last month.

IN THE PARLOR OR GREEN HOUSE.

AZALEAS will be blooming, and should have plenty of water as soon as the bloom is over, repot such as require it.

PELARGONIUMS.—Give these plenty of water and air, and when in bloom shade them from the scorching rays of the sun.

CAMELLIA JAPONICAS will now be advancing rapidly in growth, and should be copiously supplied with water. Attend to syringing frequently.

CACTUSES.—The flower bulbs of these will now be pushing rapidly, and will require watering as often as the soil becomes dry.

FUMIGATION.—If any of the plants are infested with the green fly, by placing them in a small close room, and burning a small quantity of tobacco stems therein, in three or four hours the insects will be entirely killed. Be careful not to let the tobacco blaze, as it will be apt to injure the plants.

Science and Art.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR WHITE LEAD.

The following extract from a report made at a late session of the French Academy of Arts and Sciences, is taken from a Paris paper. It contains information which is curious, and which we hope may meet the attention of practical men, and lead to useful results.

In 1835 M. Leclaire, a house painter, having witnessed the ravages that white lead made among the workmen engaged in his business, set himself to seek for some white substance, which could take the place in the arts, of the poisonous article which had been heretofore used. After having examined all the white substances which nature offers, he finally arrived at the white of zinc, and he discovered that this oxyde had all the qualities of the white of lead without having any of its inconveniences.

Whiter than the white lead, the oxyde of zinc reflects the light instead of absorbing it, gives a finer tone, and covers better the surface on which it is spread. Moreover it is not subjected to any of the action of the sulphurs, which blacken so quickly paintings in white lead. Finally, and it is the capital point, the preparation and use of it do not in any way affect the health of the workmen.

After having assured himself that the mechanical preparations of the white of zinc might be realized in an economical manner, M. Leclaire was desirous to complete his invention by replacing, on the painter's pallet, all the colors of which lead makes a part, by other articles of which zinc will be the basis. In this difficult enterprise, he has had, as far as we can now judge, the most complete success, and the inventor of white zinc has filled up the gamut of unchangeable colors by the substitution of stable and inoffensive colors for those which have copper and lead for the basis.—He has even succeeded in replacing the siccatives of which litharge always forms a part, by a substance the properties of which are equal to it, and which only contains manganese.

The harmlessness of all these substances seems to be demonstrated, now, by decisive experiments. M. Leclaire employs constantly in all the different quarters of Paris, two hundred workmen, in the application of his colors. Among them are several who had been compelled to leave off their trade in consequence of suffering from the painters' colic. None of them have felt the least inconvenience from the use of the new substances. The workmen employed in the manufacture of the zinc white, have also presented none of the phenomena of intoxication, notwithstanding the imperfections which necessarily result from a temporary arrangement.

As to the superiority of the new colors in reference to their stability, the curious experiments presented by M. Arago leave no doubt in this respect. It is enough to quote one. After having covered the two halves of a board, one with the colors of M. Leclaire, the others with those which are still used by painters, the surface was exposed to the uniform action of a current of sulphuric hydrogen. The first half preserved all its freshness, while the second immediately turned black. If this durability of the colors prepared by M. Leclaire does not make the greatest merit of his invention, it may, nevertheless, be considered as a very important circumstance. What is there in fact more precious to preserve, after the life of man, than that of the works to which genius has given birth, and is it not a valuable present to make our painters, that of placing on their pallets, colors that time cannot change?

But again, this is not the highest recommendation of M. Leclaire's invention to the public attention. It remains to be seen whether we can finally renounce a manufacture which kills persons who are employed in it, and if we can spare civilization from those regular, systematic murders which it is reduced to accept, while it protests against them. We shall know soon what is to be done, and if the Academy recognizes the new invention and awards to it the honors claimed by its author, we hope governments will take measures to interdict a manufacture which will become monstrous, as soon as it ceases to be any longer necessary.

SINGULAR EFFECTS OF ATTRACTION.

In the Edinburgh Journal of Science, just published, we find a very interesting paper, by Dr. Hancock, on the motions that result from merely mixing a few drops of alcohol with a small phial of laurel oil. To exhibit this singular phenomenon, which seems to bear some analogy with the motions of the planetary orbs, the drops of alcohol should be introduced at different intervals of time. A revolving or circular motion instantly commences in the oil, carrying the alcoholic globules through a series of mutual attractions and repulsions, which will last for many days. The round bodies, which seem to move with perfect freedom through the fluid, turn in a small eccentric curve at each extremity of their course, passing each other rapidly without touching. In the course of his experiments, Dr. Hancock observed particles of the fluid to separate in large globular portions; these commenced a similar revolution, and smaller ones quitted their course and revolved about the larger, while the latter still pursued their gyrations after the manner of primary planets and their secondaries.